

THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. X.—No. 242.]

MAY 1, 1851.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.
[Stamped copies, 4d. extra.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Early application should be made for all the best New Works at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, 28, UPPER KING-STREET, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.

Single Subscription, One Guinea per annum. First-Class Country Subscription, Two Guineas and upwards, according to the number of Volumes required.

A Prospectus will be forwarded on application.

THE LONDON BOOK SOCIETY.

—The following Works were delivered at the residence of every applicant, within a week after the date of publication:—**LAVENGRO, EDWARDES' PUNJAB, DAHOMEY, ROVINGS IN THE PACIFIC, THE LIFE OF STANLEY, VOYAGE OF THE PRINCE ALBERT, MERKLAND, NATHALIE, ALTON LOCKE, &c.** There can be no delay or disappointment to any Subscribers who require an early perusal of the best new works. For Prospectuses apply at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, 28, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury-square: or to the Principal Agents, MUDIE and Sons, 15, Coventry-street; and CHARLES WILSON, 37, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.

LITERARY INSTITUTION.

SEVERAL of the **PRINCIPAL** LITERARY INSTITUTIONS IN ENGLAND are supplied from MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, with NEW and CHOICE BOOKS, on hire. A considerable reduction is thus made in their expenditure, and a larger supply of New Books furnished to their Members, than could possibly be effected by any other arrangement. A Prospectus containing a list of the best recent works, with the terms of subscription, will be forwarded on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 28, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury-square.

Amusements.

JUST OPENED, at BURFORD'S

PANORAMA ROYAL, Leicester-square, a VIEW of the TOWN and LAKE of LUCERNE, the pride of Switzerland, including the Righi, Mount Pilate, the Snowy Alps, and adjacent romantic and picturesque scenery. The Views of the Aletsch Regious and Lakes of Killarney are also now open.

Admission 1s. each view, or 2s. 6d. to the three.
Open from 10 till dusk.

COLOSSEUM RE-OPENED.

Change of Panoramas. The original and extraordinary PANORAMA OF LONDON, painted by Mr. Parris, is exhibited with the other splendid features of this establishment, entirely re-decorated, daily from Half-past Ten till Five. The grand PANORAMA OF PARIS by NIGHT, by Danson and Son, is exhibited from Seven till Half-past Ten. The most admired Music from Two till Five, and during the Evening, when the Conservatories, Saloon, &c. are brilliantly illuminated. Admission, Day or Evening, 2s.; Children and Schools, Half-price. CYCLOPAMA, Albany-street, admission, 1s. A grand moving PANORAMA OF LISBON, and the Earthquake in 1755, is exhibited Daily at Three, and in the Evening at Eight o'clock, illustrated by appropriate Music on the new grand Appollonicon. Children and Schools Half-price.

Education.

SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

WESTON-SUPER-MARE, SOMERSET.—The comforts of a happy home, in a very healthy watering place, combined with a complete course of instruction in all the branches of a liberal education, imparted by the best masters, may be enjoyed by Young Gentlemen, on moderate terms, at the Rev. J. HOPKINS' ESTABLISHMENT, Victoria Villas, Weston Park.

* * An Articled Pupil desired.

Art.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER

COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 5, Pall-mall EAST.

Admittance, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.
GEORGE FRIPP, Sec.

Music.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. FRADEL | Invitation; Caprice. |
| 2. FRADEL | Sans Souci; Romance. |
| 3. FRADEL | Silva; Fant. |
| 4. ROSEN | Marche de Pélerins. |
| 5. ANDRE | Marche Dramatique. |
| 6. RAVINA | Un Jour d'Été—Étude. |
| 7. BLUMENFEST | Kossuth Induló. |
| 8. BLUMENFEST | Carlo Dolce. |
| 9. OSBORNE | Inquietude et Bonheur. |
| 10. VOSS | Carnaval de Venise. |
| 11. MENDELSSOHN | Cradle Song; by Osborne. |
| 12. MENDELSSOHN | First Violin; by ditto. |

T. BOOSEY & Co., 28, Holles-street.

GUILD of LITERATURE and ART;

to encourage Life Assurance and other Provident habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a New Institution where honorable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties.

To bring this project into general notice, and to form the commencement of the necessary fund, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—one of its originators—has written and presented, to his fellow-labourers in the cause, a New Comedy in Five Acts. It will be produced, under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens, in a theatre constructed for the purpose; and will be performed by Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A., Mr. John Forster, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. J. Westland Marston, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. John Tenniel, Mr. F. W. Topham, and others. Portions of the scenery have been presented by Mr. Absolon, Mr. Thomas Grieve, Mr. Lewis Haghe, and Mr. Telbin.

The first representation of the Comedy, which is entitled—

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM;

OR,
MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

will take place at Devonshire House, on FRIDAY, MAY 16, before HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN, AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE ALBERT

Ladies and Gentlemen wishing tickets for the performance at Devonshire House—price Five Pounds each; this sum being regarded as a contribution in support of the design—will, on a written application to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire House, receive a voucher for the same, exchangeable at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

* * Prospectuses of the Scheme can be had, on application, at the office of the Guild, Wellington Chambers, 10, Lancaster-place, Waterloo Bridge; of Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Ebers, 27, Old Bond-street; Mr. Hookham, 15, Old Bond-street; and Mr. Sams, 1, St. James's-street; Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, Honorary Secretary.

TO GENTLEMEN ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

HOPE and CO., Publishers, 16, Great

Marlborough-street, London, beg to state that they undertake the PRINTING and PUBLISHING of BOOKS and PAMPHLETS greatly under the usual charges. The works are got up in the best style, and tastefully and economically bound. Every attention is also paid to the publishing department.—A specimen pamphlet of bookwork, with prices, a complete Author's Guide, sent post free for 4d. Gentlemen will save nearly one half by employing HOPE & Co.

New Publications.

APPROPRIATE GIFT-BOOK FOR THE SEASON.

New Edition, price 4s. 6d.

THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS. By

the BROTHERS MAYHEW. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK and KENNY MEADOWS.

DARTON and Co., 58, Holborn-hill.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, READING AND BOOK-SOCIETIES, MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, GARRISON LIBRARIES, &c.

Now ready,

HINTS to BOOK-BUYERS; by

which a saving of ABOUT ONE-HALF may be effected in the Purchase of Modern Books.

Sent post free to orders inclosing two stamps, addressed to Messrs. SAUNDERS and OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Just published,

THOUGHTS on the NATURE of

MAN, the PROPAGATION of CREEDS, and the FORMATION of HUMAN CHARACTER. By A PHYSICIAN.

"A systematic collection of facts."—*The Present Age*.
"An excellent compendium."—*The Reasoner*.
"An able production."—*The Investigator*.
"A valuable work."—*The British Controversialist*.

London: JOSEPH CLAYTON, 265, Strand; and may be obtained by order from all booksellers. Price 1s. 6d.

ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA.

New and enlarged Edition, Crown 8vo, Volume XIII., price 12s. 6d., cloth.

BOTANY; being an Introduction to

the Study of the STRUCTURE, PHYSIOLOGY, and CLASSIFICATION of PLANTS. By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, 670 pages, with 833 wood engravings.

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE FIRST EDITION.

"The most masterly digest of the science which has yet appeared."—*Witness*.

"Beyond all comparison the best introduction to the most delightful of all sciences."—*North British Mail*.

"Remarkable for comprehensiveness and cheapness."—*Scottish Guardian*.

"Very complete."—*Atlas*.

"A mass of valuable and interesting information."—*Weekly News*.

"Admirably arranged."—*Bentley's Magazine*.

"The model manual of Botany."—*Tait's Magazine*.

GRIFFIN and Co., London and Glasgow.

Now ready,

LOGIC FOR THE MILLION;

a familiar Exposition of the Art of Reasoning. By a FELLOW of the ROYAL SOCIETY.

"Here the principles and forms of Reasoning are explained and applied to the ordinary affairs of Life, History, Political Economy, Statistics, and Moral Philosophy, in a manner that is free from scholastic or technical phraseology, and are illustrated by numerous quotations from Authors of established reputation."—*Author*.

London: LONGMAN and Co., Paternoster-row.

In One Vol. 8vo, 500 pages, cloth, 12s.

SIXTY LECTURES on the Several

PORTIONS OF THE PSALMS, as they are Appointed to be Read in THE MORNING and EVENING SERVICES of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.

"Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide."—*Burns*.

By the Rev. RICHARD BRUDENELL EXTON, Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon, and Incumbent of Athelington and Creetingham, in the County of Suffolk.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS; and may be had of all Booksellers.

DR. GREGORY ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

This day, One Vol. 12mo., cloth, price 9s. 6d.

LETTERS to a CANDID ENQUIRER

on ANIMAL MAGNETISM. Description and Analysis of the Phenomena; Details of Facts and Cases. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.

Recently published,

Dr. GREGORY'S Edition of REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES ON MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY, HEAT, LIGHT, &c., in their relation to the Vital Force. With Lithographic Plates, and Woodcuts. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

London: TAYLOR, WALTON, and MABERLY, 28, Upper Gower-street, and 27, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.

Just Published, in fancy-coloured boards, price 1s. 6d.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE

PEOPLE.

VOLUME VIII.

CONTENTS.—No. 57. Ocean Routes.—58. Cromwell and his Contemporaries.—59. Life at Griefenberg.—60. Life at Griefenberg—concluded.—61. The Black Gondola: a Venetian Tale.—62. Ancient Philosophic Sects.—63. The Wonders of Human Folly.—64. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

THE EMIGRANT'S MANUAL.—A complete MANUAL for EMIGRANTS, embracing the latest and most trustworthy information, is now in the course of publication by W. & R. CHAMBERS. It will be issued in Parts, each referring to a distinct FIELD of EMIGRATION.

Now Ready,

AUSTRALIA. Price 1s.

NEW ZEALAND, CAPE OF GOOD

HOPE, &c. Price 1s.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; W. S. ORR & Co., Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, Glasgow; J. M'GLASHAN, Dublin; and sold by all Booksellers.

Recently published, fcap. 8vo., cloth, price 3s. 6d.,

WHAT MEAN YE BY THIS

SERVICE?—THE QUESTION DISCUSSED IN THE TRIAL of GEORGE HERBERT, RICHARD HOOKER, CHARLES SIMON, REGINALD HEBER, and THOMAS SCOTT, on the CHARGE of HERESY. By the Rev. S. HOBSON, LL.B., Author of "Letters to a Waverer," &c. &c.

"A volume in which the argument on both sides is fairly and compendiously given."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

"Written in peculiarly engaging style . . . will be read with great interest, and will repay perusal."—*The Church Sentinel*.

"Presenting in a very perspicuous and agreeable manner their various views on the efficacy of baptism. The idea is ingenious, and it is executed with learning and logic. It has the further recommendation of being very temperate in tone."—*The Critic*.

London: SEELEYS, Fleet-street; HAMILTON and Co.

TALES BY T. S. ARTHUR.

INSUBORDINATION; or, the SHOE-

MAKER'S DAUGHTERS. An American Story of Real LIFE. In Two Parts, 32mo, 1s. 4d., sewed; or 2s., cloth, gilt.

The following at 8d. each, sewed; or 1s. 2d., cloth gilt.

RICHES HAVE WINGS. A Tale for the Rich and Poor.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES. A Tale for the Rich and Poor.

RIISING IN THE WORLD.

THE HEIRESS. A Story of Trials.

THE LADY AT HOME; or, Leaves from the Every-Day Book of an American Lady.

London: J. S. HODGSON, 22, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn.

New Edition, Enlarged and Improved, price 12s.,

A MILLION OF FACTS, OF CORRECT DATA.

By Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS.

London: DARTON and CO., 58, Holborn Hill.

CONTINUATION OF

HUME AND SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

TO THE PRESENT REIGN.

NEW ENLARGED EDITION OF HUGHES'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, IN OCTAVO.

In Seven Volumes, 8vo., price 3l. 13s. 6d., boards,

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

From the Accession of George III., to the Accession of Queen Victoria.

By the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D., Canon of Peterborough.

This work is completed in Seven Volumes, to range in size with the various Octavo Editions of HUME and SMOLLETT, to which it forms a CONTINUATION to the present Reign, being now brought down to the end of the Reign of WILLIAM IV., and thus enables the possessors of those Editions to render their Libraries more perfect by the addition of a faithful record of an eventful period, more particularly interesting to the present generation.

To the First Volume is prefixed a "PRELIMINARY ESSAY on the POLITICAL SYSTEM OF EUROPE, and its Connection with the Government of Great Britain," which has been characterised as a "most useful introduction to a perfect comprehension of the Work, written in a tone of impartiality and fairness as to statements and deductions, and with elegance and condensation as to style."

"To produce a Literary Work, justly deserving the name of National, is a rare contribution to our Literature. This Mr. Hughes has done in a conscientious and able manner."—*Literary Gazette*.

The publisher flatters himself that this Work will be favourably received by those who possess the various editions of HUME and SMOLLETT; to which it forms a Continuation of the HISTORY OF ENGLAND, commencing with the Accession of George III. in 1760, and ending with the Accession of Queen Victoria.—The War with America—the Memorable French Revolution, and the long succession of Continental Wars, which involved the destinies of the most powerful nations—the glorious achievements of British valour by sea and land—the progress of those military operations which finally led to the peace of Europe—the important changes which have occurred in the foreign and domestic policy of England—and the reform of the British Constitution.

London: GEORGE BELL, 186, Fleet-street.

THE FIRST HISTORY of ENGLAND that should be placed in the hands of a Child. By Miss CORNER. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges, sides and back. Twenty-four pages of Plates.

Miss CORNER'S Accurate HISTORY of GREECE; from accepted Modern English and Foreign Authorities; such as Grote, Thirlwall, Smith's Antiquities, &c. &c.—Questions attached to each chapter, and the plan and style adopted which has met with so much success in her History of Rome. Thus forming the thirteenth and concluding volume of CORNER'S ACCURATE HISTORIES, for Schools and Family Reading. Each History complete in itself.—The whole being a perfect History of Europe, commencing at the earliest periods and continued down to the present time, universally acknowledged by the Press as a real acquisition to educational literature.

CORNER'S HISTORY of ENGLAND and WALES; with five plates, map, and Chronological Table, 3s. 6d. bound; or with the Questions, 4s.

CORNER'S HISTORY of IRELAND; with three Plates and a Map, 2s. 6d.; or, with the Questions attached, 3s. bound in cloth.

CORNER'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, with three Plates, a Map, and Chronological Table, 2s. 6d.; or, with the Questions attached, 3s. bound in cloth.

CORNER'S HISTORY of FRANCE; with three Historical Plates and a Map, 2s. 6d.; or, with the Questions attached, 3s. bound.

CORNER'S HISTORY of SPAIN and PORTUGAL; with three Plates and a Map, 2s. 6d. bound; or, with the Questions attached, 3s. bound.

CORNER'S HISTORY of ROME, from accepted English and Foreign authorities, as Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, Keightley's Roman History, Smith's Annals of Greece and Roman Antiquities; Dr. Arnold, Niebuhr, &c. With Questions to each Chapter, a Chronological Table, and a Map of the Roman Empire; 3s. 6d. bound in cloth, lettered.

A detailed Prospectus of the Thirteen Histories, by Miss CORNER, may be had for distribution, free, on application.

Just published, with illustrations, price 1s. sewed, or 1s. 6d. bound, the sixth edition, enlarged, of

The PLAY GRAMMAR. By Miss CORNER.

Also, at the same price, with Map,
EVERY CHILD'S HISTORY of ENGLAND. (As a Junior Class Book.)

PAPA and MAMMA'S EASY LESSONS in GEOGRAPHY. With numerous illustrations, price 1s. paper cover, and 1s. 6d. cloth. By ANNA MARIA SARGEANT; after the same style and manner as Miss Corner's Play Grammar.

CHARLES BUTLER'S GUIDE to USEFUL KNOWLEDGE; an easy Catechism of the most useful information, 1s. 6d. bound in cloth.

CHARLES BUTLER'S EASY GUIDE to GEOGRAPHY, and Use of the Globes, seven Maps, 2s., or without the Maps and Use of the Globes, 1s. 6d. bound.

London: DEAN and SON, Threadneedle-street; Loxham, Simpkin, Hamilton, and Whittaker, Paternoster-row; Tegg, Queen-street, Cheapside; ACKERMANN, Strand; and all Booksellers.

ASTRONOMY SIMPLIFIED by means of the ASTORAMA. Price 30s. The Astorama is a concave representation of the Heavens, folding into the portable form of an umbrella. Sold by B. W. GARDINER, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Pantheon, Counter 119; Soho Bazaar, Counter 643; and most Booksellers. Now Exhibiting at the Great Exhibition.

"The Astorama affords the most efficient means for ascertaining the true and relative position of the heavenly bodies of anything hitherto projected and published."—*George Frost, F.R.A.S.*

"This very clever invention renders the elementary study of astronomy more easily attainable than by any other means which have come under our notice."—*Belle Assemblée*.

"The Astorama is a wonderful simplifier of the glorious science."—*Art Union*.

"The little book, by which it is accompanied furnishes instructions for its use, and by means of the two, most of the problems, &c., may be worked in a simple, intelligible, and amusing way, without the impediments which the convex surface of a sphere, and the equally unnatural form of the planetarium, necessarily produce."—*Educational Times*.

EWER & CO.'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

MENDELSSOHN'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

No. 10. **ANDANTE and VARIATIONS** for PIANOFORTE, Solo, 3s.

11. **ANDANTE and VARIATIONS** for ditto, 3s.

12. **ANDANTE and VARIATIONS** for PIANOFORTE, two performers, 6s.

13. **THREE SONGS for a DEEP VOICE,** 4s.

14. **SEVENTH BOOK, LIEDER OHNE WORTE,** 5s.

15. **SIX SONGS for SOPRANO,** 5s.

16. **STRING QUINTETT, No. 2,** 12s.

17. **SIX VOCAL QUARTETTS,** for mixed Voices, Orpheus, No. 20, 5s.

18. **SON and STRANGER, an Operetta,** the text adapted from the German, by H. F. CHORLEY, Piano-forte Score, 15s.—The Overture, for two performers, Piano-forte, 4s.

MOLIQUE.—Six Pieces for Viol and Piano-forte, Op. 41, in Two Books, each 4s.

DURRNER, J.—Three Melodies, for Viol and Piano-forte. Op. 17s. 6d.

HORSLEY, C. E.—Three Songs: The Poet to his Bride, the Entreaty, Flowers, 4s.

ORPHEON.—A Collection of Two, Three, and Four Part Songs and Choruses, for the Use of Schools, Families, and Choral Societies, to be published at intervals, Book I., 6d.

MAINZER'S FIFTY MELODIES for Children, 1s.

Ditto **MUSIC BOOK** for the Young, 1s.

BEETHOVEN'S TWO QUINTETTS, SEXTETT, and SEPTETT, in Score. Pocket edition, 16s.

BACH'S SIX MOTETTS, in Score, with English Words, will be published early in May. The Subscription price of 15s. for the work complete, will cease on the 30th of April.

EWER and Co., Newgate-street.

THE YORKSHIRE FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established at York, 1824, and Empowered by Act of Parliament. Capital £500,000.

TRUSTEES.

Lord Wenlock, Eserick Park.

G. L. Thompson, Esq., Sheriff-Hutton Park.

Robt. Swan, Esq., York.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Swan, Clough & Co., York.

ACTUARY and SECRETARY.—Mr. W. L. Newnam, York.

The attention of the public is particularly called to the terms of this Company for LIFE INSURANCE, and to the distinction which is made between MALE and FEMALE LIVES.

Extract from the Table of Premiums for Insuring 100l.

Age next birthday.	A MALE.		A FEMALE.		Age next birthday.	A MALE.		A FEMALE.	
	Whole Life Premiums.					Whole Life Premiums.			
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.		£	s. d.	£	s. d.
10	1	7 6	1	5 4	46	3	11 6	3	3 2
13	1	9 3	1	7 0	50	4	1 9	3	13 3
16	1	11 3	1	8 10	53	4	11 6	4	2 6
20	1	14 4	1	11 6	56	5	4 0	4	14 0
23	1	17 0	1	13 8	60	6	6 0	5	12 6
26	2	0 3	1	16 2	63	7	4 0	6	9 6
30*	2	5 0	1	19 9	66	8	4 0	7	10 8
33	2	8 6	2	2 10	70	10	0 4	9	7 6
36	2	13 0	2	6 4	73	11	16 2	11	2 6
40	2	19 9	2	12 0	76			13	1 9
43	3	5 3	2	17 2	80			15	12 10

* EXAMPLE.—A Gentleman whose age does not exceed 30, may insure 1,000l. payable on his decease, for an annual payment of 22l. 10s.; and a Lady of the same age can secure the same sum for an annual payment of 19l. 17s. 6d.

Prospectuses with the rates of premium for the intermediate ages, and every information may be had at the Head Office in York, or of any of the Agents.

FIRE INSURANCES

Are also effected by this company, on the most moderate terms.

Agents are wanted in those towns where no appointments have been made. Applications to be made to Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, Actuary and Secretary, York; or to Mr. HENRY DINDALE, 12, Wellington-street, Strand, Agent for London.

LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY,

39, ESSEX-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

In shares of 25l. each. Not more than 1l. to be called for at one time, nor at less intervals than three months.

This society was partly formed three years ago, and a great number of shares were subscribed; but the then depression of the money market compelled its postponement.

The improved state of the country causing safe and profitable investments to be sought for, suggests the propriety of now proceeding to complete the establishment of a society whose design has met with such extensive support.

Another peculiarly advantageous circumstance, is the means now afforded by the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society for the conducting of the business of the Law Reversionary Interest and Investment Society at a comparatively trifling cost, it being the purpose to make an arrangement with the former flourishing society for the use of its offices and officers, instead of incurring the great expense of a separate establishment, thus immensely increasing the profits of a Reversionary Interest Society.

The plan is shortly as follows:—

1. The Law Reversionary Interest and Investment Society to be formed of holders of shares of 25l. each. Deposit, 2s. 6d. per share.
2. Calls not to exceed 1l. per share, nor at less intervals than three months.
3. The business to be conducted at the office and by the establishment of the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, but entirely as a distinct society, with distinct books, accounts, &c.
4. The Profession to have the advantage of a fair commission on all business its members may bring to the office.
5. To the public it will offer the advantage of fair prices for Reversionary Interests and Policies of Assurance, with an option of converting Reversionary Interests into present income, so as to make provision for immediate wants, or otherwise to facilitate family arrangements.
6. For persons having money which they desire to invest both securely and profitably, and in any sum, small or large, there is no such safe and advantageous method of doing so than in such a society which differs from all others in this, that there is no risk, for its funds are secured, its profits can be calculated with accuracy, and the capital is only called for as it is wanted, to be profitably employed. Any persons may be members of it, so that Solicitors can recommend it to their clients as a desirable investment.

It is remarkable that while boasting of so many flourishing Assurance Offices, the Legal Profession has not yet sought to secure for itself the still greater advantages resulting from a Reversionary Interest Society. That defect will now be supplied under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

Applications for shares in the form below, to be addressed to the undersigned, at the offices of the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, 39, Essex-street, Strand.

HERBERT COX,

Secretary, pro tem.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the promoters of the Law Reversionary Interest and Investment Society.

GENTLEMEN,—Be pleased to allot me _____ shares in the Society on the Terms named in the prospectus.

Yours, &c.

Name _____

Address _____

Dated, _____

N.B.—Unless the society is formed, the entire deposit will be returned, and the expenses paid by the promoters.

NOTICE.

The Eleventh Number of THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION, by the Editors of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, will be published on Saturday next, the 3rd inst., price 4d., and weekly during the Exhibition. It is the only periodical wholly devoted to the affairs of the Exhibition, of which it has preserved a complete record, for binding and preservation.

On May 1, and afterwards on alternate days, THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION will publish a Strangers' List and Visitors' Guide to the Sights and Amusements of the Day, price 2d. Strangers, in Town, desirous of making known their addresses to their friends are requested to enter them in the Strangers' List, which lies at the following places, or send them by post to the office, enclosing three postage stamps:

1. DELLEY, Mr., Bookseller, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.
2. CLOUGH, Mr., Mercer, 130, Oxford-street.
3. JONES, Mr., House Decorator, 20, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.
4. HOLIDAY and Co., Messrs., 28, Holborn-hill.
5. LEATH, Mr., 5, St. Paul's Church-yard.
6. DYSON, Mr., Haberdasher, 16, King-street, Holborn.
7. DELEPIERRE, Mr., Consul, Adelaide Chambers, 52, Gracechurch-street.
8. COOK and Co., Messrs., Auxiliary Exhibition, Regent-street.
9. CROCKFORD, Mr., Journal of the Exhibition, Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

The names thus entered will be published gratis in the Visitors' List.

N.B.—To prevent impertinent entries, a fee of sixpence is charged for entering the address.

Parts I. and II. of THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION, or the Numbers, may still be had to complete sets.

N.B.—A General Register of Names and Addresses of Visitors in London lies at the office. Persons transmitting them for entry to enclose three postage stamps.

CONTENTS.

LEADERS:—	PAGE
To the Clergy	195
Bernardin de Saint-Pierre	195
Historical Gleanings of the Georgian Era	196
PHILOSOPHY—	
F. G. P. Nelson's Observations on Odd Fellows and Friendly Societies	198
Paterson's New Friendly Societies Act	198
HISTORY—	
Wilton's Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland	198
Hughes's History of England from 1769 to 1837	198
BIOGRAPHY—	
Warburton's Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries	199
Phillips's Curran and his Contemporaries	201
VOTAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Ward's Cape and the Kafirs	203
FICTION—	
Calder Campbell's Winter Nights	203
POETRY AND THE DRAMA—	
Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With Memoir	204
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS—	
Gatty's Fairy Godmothers and other Tales	205
May's Louis's School Days	205
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Smith's Wilton and its Associations	206
Knight's National Cyclopædia	206
THE PAMPHLETS—	
ART JOURNAL—	
Ruskin's Stones of Venice	206
Society of Painters in Water Colours	209
New Society of Painters in Water Colours	209
British Institution	209
Talk of the Studios	209
NEW MUSIC—	
Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat	210
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	210
PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS—	
Meetings of Scientific Societies	212
NECROLOGY—	
M. M. Noah	213
Gossip of the LITERARY WORLD	213
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR	215
ADVERTISEMENTS	193, 194, 215, 216

To Correspondents.

"SUBSCRIBERS."—We do not require subscriptions in advance.

"C. E. S."—Articles of the class sent are not adapted for our columns.

"The Lament of Abd el Kader" is better adapted, by its length, to a Magazine than a Journal. Our correspondent should send it to Blackwood.

"ANONYMOUS."—All religious books are reviewed that are sent. We should be glad if more were forwarded, for we think that much may be done to improve the style of this class of literature, so as it makes it more influential and more popular.

THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

TO THE CLERGY.

In reply to queries from various parts of the country, we beg to announce that, in accordance with the desire expressed by so many of the Clergy to make this Journal their medium for their Advertisements, we have determined to make a reduction of twenty-five per cent from the scale charge for all Advertisements by the Clergy.

The cost of Advertisements, as well as the subscriptions to the Journal, may always be transmitted in postage stamps, if more convenient to our friends.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

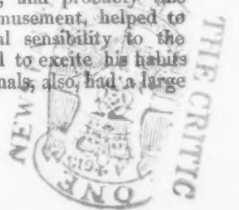
WHATEVER may be thought of ROUSSEAU's character and genius, few who have studied the influences which fashioned the last century will hesitate to admit that the effect of his writings was eminently religious. The work of VOLTAIRE and the *Encyclopédistes* was purely destructive; and, considering how corrupt was the Church, how degraded the Government of France, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, we do not perceive what else it could be. Conservatism is the wisest of principles, the most salutary of processes, as long as there is anything to conserve. Even if an institution have grown so utterly bad, or be so thoroughly exhausted, that nothing but its poetry survives, still even for its poetry's sake should we be content to let it wear a semblance of life. But when that which once was noble has degenerated into a barefaced fraud: when that which should be the fountain of honour has become the fetid source of the foulest bestialities: when the solemnities of devotion and the dignity of Morals in departing have left behind them neither the grace of manners nor the courage of chivalry: when the only service for which there is recompense is to pander to the passions of a royal voluptuary, while imitating his vices: when the wail of an oppressed and starving people merely gives zest to the debaucheries of a reckless court, it would be the very madness of loyalty to talk of conserving what has so large a leaven of rottenness in itself. To declaim, therefore, against the extravagances, the audacities, the sophistries, the blasphemies of the writers whose pope was VOLTAIRE, is to forget the laws that determine the destinies of our race. There was not a lofty, but it was not the less a necessary, enterprise. Executioners and grave-diggers are unsavoury to all the world: but they cannot be dispensed with. Wiser than they who denounce the wits and infidels with which France swarmed a hundred years ago, are they who would understand what the circumstances were which enabled them to acquire empire among men, and how divine, because how needed, were the avenging weapons which they wielded, though they themselves might in general be as sensual, as selfish, every way as base as the champions of what still affected the symmetry of a political, social, and ecclesiastical mechanism, though its substantial adaptation to national wants was gone for ever. Yet by nothing but faith, positive principles, holy traditions, obedience to law, reverence for duty, the pious and patient recognition of an Eternal Providence, can a community live. Now ROUSSEAU, in a most unbelieving age, had all the sincerity, the conviction, the enthusiasm, of the believer. But earnest belief is essentially propagandist. It was less as a mere writer than as an earnest believer that ROUSSEAU propounded and defended with such singular eloquence the grand conservative elements of society. The exaggerations, the paradoxes, the inconsistencies with which he has been charged, in the fulfilment of this sacred vocation, are not worth noticing. ROUSSEAU was a lonely man: and the lonely man, though dwelling in perfect harmony with Nature, always appears something monstrous when contrasted with the current forms of artificial existence. Besides, though in the usual course of political action compromise rules, yet all real reformations of a religious or moral kind are battles of extremes. Moderation, therefore, in ROUSSEAU's case, would have been the confession of incapacity and the prelude of failure, even if his whole being, from its stoical sternness, its idealistic aspirations, its logical rapidity, its directness and vigour, had not delighted to dwell on the utmost verge of ultimate conclusions. And it was the extreme doctrines which ROUSSEAU taught that made the reconstruction of French society possible after the wildest deluge of atheism and anarchy. As all society rests on a religious basis, so all

social regeneration demands a religious agency. But this the old religious forms were as incapable of giving to the French as they, in their hatred to priests and superstitions, would have been unwilling to receive it from such a quarter. They could only for a time accept religion in its alliance with philosophy, and as flowing from, rather than originating, moral inculcations. In its most imposing garb it was such a religion that ROUSSEAU presented to them. And, inspired thereby, they were again rendered willing to bow to the mandates of an earthly government, after having seen the beauty, the wisdom, and the necessity of a government divine.

The great continuator of ROUSSEAU's work was BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE, a man of kindred genius, though of a softer and more flexible character; whose life, also, is equally interesting, though nothing but a meagre outline of it has, as far as we know, ever yet appeared in our language.

JACQUES-HENRI-BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE, was born at Havre de Grace, on the 19th January, 1737. His father, NICHOLAS DE SAINT-PIERRE, claimed descent from a noble family; and among his ancestors he was fond of reckoning EUSTACHE DE SAINT-PIERRE, the famous mayor of Calais, with whose name all, who have read the history of our Edward the Third, are familiar. BERNARDIN had two brothers, DUTAILLY and DOMINIQUE, and a sister CATHERINE, all younger than himself. He was a dreamy and imaginative child, of quick sensibility and ardent affection, but vain, wayward and passionate. He seems to have owed much more to his mother's influence and care than to his father's, in the development of his character. She was a person of great good sense, and planted early and deep those principles of piety in his heart, which consoled and strengthened him in all the frequent errors and misfortunes of his life. Chief among those principles was confidence in the goodness and justice of God. But he who believes the firmest in God's justice, has often the keenest sense of Man's injustice. And in BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE, both the feelings were equally intense. One day he was waiting, while his mother dressed, to accompany her for a walk. A servant of the house, MARIE TALBOT, accused him, to his mother, of some serious offence. Conscious of his innocence, he calmly defended himself. Seeing that his statements were not believed, he began to speak with so much warmth that it was thought proper to deprive him, as a punishment, of the expected walk. This sentence produced a fresh explosion of anger and indignation, and his mother, to get rid of his violence and importunities, shut him up in a room by himself. His first emotion was that of wrath, at the wrong which he considered himself to have received at his mother's hands. But, suddenly, seized by the thought of God, he began to pray with such vehemence and faith, that he looked every moment for a miracle, from on high, to demonstrate his innocence and to deliver him from his prison. The miracle, however, came not: and in his despair he poured forth, with childish petulance and fury, murmurs against Providence, a denial of God's justice, and even doubts regarding the very existence of God. While he was tormented with these wild phantasies, the sun, which since the morning had been obscured by clouds, suddenly burst through them, and made that chamber alive with rays which, but a moment before, had been dark and melancholy. The warm and golden light dissipated all his scepticism and his gloom: and, bursting into tears, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, "There is, — there is a God."

From the age of eight years he cultivated a little garden of his own, and probably this occupation, or rather amusement, helped to unfold his great natural sensibility to the beautiful in creation, and to excite his habits of observation. But animals, also, had a large



share in his affections. He once accompanied his father to Rouen. When they came near the cathedral, his father stood for a while gazing at its lofty towers. BERNARDIN's eyes were also intently fixed in the same direction but it was to follow the flight of the swallows to and from their nests. His father, who supposed that it was the grandeur of the cathedral which had struck him with astonishment, said to him, "Well, what do you think of that?" The boy, whose whole attention was given to the swallows, exclaimed in rapture, "How high they fly!" An utterance which half disposed his father to think that his son was little better than a blockhead. But we are informed that SAINT-PIERRE remained this kind of blockhead all his life, and that he was always more inclined to watch the smallest insect, winging its way through the air, than to contemplate the colonnade of the Louvre.

His favourite reading, when a child, was *The Lives of the Saints*, and those other books at once pious and entertaining, which are so often found in families of the Roman Catholic persuasion. In the library of his father was a large folio containing the visions which the hermits of the desert, through their fiery enthusiastic fancies, were in the habit of seeing. Those visions were, to him, as articles of faith, and confirmed the belief which he already had, that the providence of God was a perpetual miracle to the humble and holy soul, whose trust therein is deep and unchanging. He resolved, in consequence, to throw himself entirely on God, the first time he had anything to complain of in the conduct of men. The schoolmaster, to whom he was sent to learn Latin, furnished him with the opportunity. On one occasion, when BERNARDIN was about nine years of age, the schoolmaster threatened to punish him if he did not come with his lesson well prepared on the morrow. SAINT-PIERRE deemed this an intimation from on high to carry into effect his resolution of retiring from the world. When, therefore, the morrow came, he saved part of his breakfast, and instead of going to school he took the readiest way out of the town into the country. The feeling of liberty, the sight of the green fields, of the hills, of the woods, enchanted him. After walking about a quarter of a league, he came to a thicket, through the midst of which a little brook was flowing. This seemed to him a true hermit's desert, and here he determined to take up his abode, persuaded that God would send him food, raiment, and everything needful. He spent all the day in rambling in the neighbourhood of his hermitage, listening to the birds, and plucking the flowers. In the course of the day, feeling hungry, he made a pleasant repast on mulberries, and on the roots which he was able to pluck out of the ground. Afterwards, recollecting the succours which all the blessed hermits had received from Heaven, he prayed earnestly for similar aid. In every breeze that murmured by, in every branch that rustled, he imagined that he heard the flutter of an angel's wing. But as evening approached he looked in vain, though without losing hope, for a celestial message and celestial gifts. When the birds had ceased their song, he thought it was time for him also to seek a resting-place for the night. He was preparing to lie down on the grass at the foot of a tree, when he perceived, at the entrance of the plain, MARIE TALBOT, who was a most affectionate creature, and to whom he was tenderly attached, notwithstanding the incident we have formerly mentioned, in which she was unintentionally his false accuser. When he saw her coming nearer, and heard her calling to him, his first impulse was to escape into the forest that he might continue his hermit life. But MARIE's tears of joy, at finding him, and her words of entreaty, changed his resolution in a moment. He felt that it would be like ingratitude to run away from one whose kindness he had so often experienced. He, therefore, rushed toward her nor could he refrain

from weeping. After he had told the circumstance which had induced him to turn hermit, she stated all the anxiety and alarm which his father and mother had felt when he did not return at the usual hour, and the search that had been made for him, and how she had found out the road that he had taken. When he reached the dwelling of his parents, they made him give the history of his adventures since the morning; they then asked him what he had intended to do if he had found nothing to eat in the fields. He answered that he was sure that God would have fed him by sending a raven with his dinner, as had happened to Saint PAUL, the Hermit. Loud and long was the laughter at the simplicity of this reply. "And yet," said SAINT-PIERRE, long afterwards, "God has done greater miracles for me, by protecting me in the midst of foreign nations when I was destitute and forsaken, and by protecting me in my own country, against the machinations and calumnies of my foes."

To cure him of all disposition to play the hermit again, it was thought proper to send him from home for a time. He was accordingly placed with a parish priest of Caen, who had a large number of scholars, and whose parsonage house was pleasantly situated near the gates of the city. This new position breathed into SAINT-PIERRE new tastes and ideas. It awoke him from from the dreamland in which he had been living, and gave him the first foretaste of that world of action in which he was destined to play a part so honourable and so illustrious. It seemed to him ere the novelty had worn off, as if joyous playmates, always ingenious in imagining some fresh sport and adventure, were far preferable to the nature and solitude he loved so well. And, with the ambition which was so active an element of his character, he aspired to be, leader in frolic and escapade, and he succeeded. By degrees, however, he found himself alone in the midst of his companions. Inextinguishable longings for old scenes and old faces arose within him, for his father's house, for his mother's encouraging smile and warm embrace. At last, through the interference of his godmother, a beautiful and noble lady, the Countess de BAYARD, he was, to his inexpressible delight, permitted to leave the school at Caen and return to his family. He did not need gratitude for this kindness to increase his affection for his godmother, which was deep and ardent. She was a descendant of the Chevalier de BAYARD, whose praise is the highest which warrior ever received, that of being without fear and without reproach. This excellent and generous lady, after having lived in much affluence during her married state, was in her widowhood reduced to comparative poverty. This was less painful to her on her own account, than because it deprived her of the means of lessening the misery and rewarding the goodness of others. BERNARDIN's godfather, M. DE SAVALETTE was rich, but harsh and avaricious; and when his godson called on each New-year's day to pay his respects, all that he received was a tap on the cheek, and a grumbling advice to be economical. On like occasions his godmother covered him with caresses, made his ears tingle with praises, and rendered him happier with these than with the little gift that never failed to accompany them. One New-year's day the caresses and praises were as lavish as ever; but on glancing round the room she saw that she was too poor to make the accustomed present; whereupon she clasped the hands of her godson with exceeding emotion, and wept bitterly. BERNARDIN had that morning received a piece of money. Touched with pity for the sufferings and misfortunes of his dear godmother, he watched an opportunity to slide unobserved his small treasure under her cushion. In this pathetic and pious incident there was the prophecy of a life.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 149.)

THE state prisoners in the Tower occupied, of course, a large share of public attention at this period, and various speculations as to the mode in which the Government would deal with them, were now afloat:

October 11.—On Monday Mr. Serjt. Darnell deliver'd a petition to the Court at Hick's Hall, on behalf of the Lord North and Grey, and the Earl of Orrery, praying that they might be speedily brought to a trial; but he was answer'd that the same was not cognizable in that Court; and we hear is refer'd to be argued the first day of next term. Yesterday, some persons of distinction were at the Tower, to visit some of the prisoners.

October 13.—'Tis insinuated by some of our news-writers that Mr. Laver is to be try'd by a special commission of Oyer and Terminer in Essex, several of the facts laid to his charge being supposed to have been committed in that county; but that other facts for which he is to be indicted having been committed in two other counties, he is liable to stand three trials.

Last Tuesday the Lord North and Grey's Lady went to the Tower in a coach to see her husband, but was not admitted. The servants who attend the Bishop of Rochester, and the other state prisoners, are as carefully guarded as their masters.

Another journal, some days subsequent to this, mentions that Lord GREY's attached lady came again to see her lord in the Tower; "but, not being admitted, he open'd the window, and told her, in a jocose manner 'Madam, this place is a convent for men only and not for your sex!'"

Parliament met early in October, and one of the journals of the 13th of that month states that,

On Thursday, His Majesty again went to the House of Peers, and having commanded the attendance of the Commons, made a speech to both houses, giving an account of a horrid conspiracy carried on against his person and government.

The King, on this occasion, informed the Parliament that he had received advices from his ministers abroad, as well as from people in this country, of the conspiracy in question; that the conspirators had applied to foreign powers for assistance, but without success; that they had provided considerable sums of money, engaged great numbers of officers from abroad, secured large quantities of arms and ammunition, and thought themselves in such readiness, that, had not the conspiracy been timely discovered, the whole nation, and particularly the city of London, would undoubtedly, before that time, have been involved in blood and confusion. A bill was immediately introduced into the House of Lords, which speedily passed into a law, empowering His Majesty to apprehend all persons suspected of being concerned in any way in the treasonable conspiracy alluded to.

Great alarm was caused in the dead of the night, about this time, by one of the hutted tents, which had been erected for the troops in Hyde Park, catching fire.

The prisoners in the Tower were now about to be brought to their trial. One of the public journals states,

The report of the Counsellor Laver's being removed to Newgate, is not entirely credited, only we hear he has been heard to say, that he expects nothing less than death.

October 16.—The Grand Jury for the County of Essex are to meet next Monday at Rumford, in order to find the bill against Counsellor Laver.

In the meantime, a traitor of a different description to those before noticed, attracted the indignation of the Court, and was summarily punished for her misdeeds.

Sarah Turbett for cursing the King, to stand on the Pillory in Cheapside, and to suffer six months imprisonment.

A true bill against Mr. LAYER, was found by the Grand Jury of Essex, and the indictment was removed by *certiorari* into the Court of King's Bench, in order that he might be tried at the bar of that court.

October 23.—On Monday morning about nine, three coaches with four horses each went from Westminster, and in them the evidences against Counsellor Leare, and messengers, guarded by a party of horse to Rufford. Counsellor Leare is, we hear, continued in irons in the Tower.

A personage of high rank and station next fell under suspicion, and was soon afterwards sent prisoner to the Tower:

October 27.—On Wednesday last, in the evening, the Duke of Norfolk was brought up from the Bath to his own house in St. James's Square in custody; next day his Grace was examined before a Committee of Lords of his Majesty's most honorable Privy Council at Whitehall, and that evening was remanded to his own house under a guard.

Yesterday, upon receiving a message from His Majesty, it was agreed in the House of Lords that the Duke of Norfolk should be sent prisoner to the Tower.

Some miscellaneous intelligence about the prisoners in the Tower, and the general state of affairs, is contained in the extracts from the journals which follow:

Public credit begins to flourish again, and the stocks have within these few days risen very considerably.

Captain Kelly, alias Johnson, who formerly burnt his papers when the messengers came to seize him at his lodgings in Bury Street, is taken up and confined to the custody of a messenger.

The Bishop of Rochester is very ill in the Tower, not of the gout, but of an intermitting fever; whereupon a warrant is granted to Mr. John Markham, his Lordship's apothecary, to visit him in the absence of Dr. Friend.

October 30.—The Earl of Carlisle has ordered the persons in whose houses the Lords are kept in the Tower, to secure their windows, &c., and to let their lordships have the liberty of their houses, whereas before they were confined to a floor, or to two or three rooms.

Mr. Kelly, alias Johnson, is lodged in a place in the Tower called Beauchamp's Tower; and the Duke of Norfolk is closely confined in the house of Major White.

The Lord North and Grey is removed from the Irish mint to the house where the Lord Launsdowne was formerly confined; which is hard by that wherein the Bishop of Rochester is imprisoned.

Last Sunday, Dr. Friend, the Physician, visited the Bishop, who is still much incommoded with the gout; but his fever is abated. His servants have been permitted to go to Chappel but once.

The fetters are taken off from Counsellor Layer's legs as has been reported. He employs most of his time in reading.

November 1.—Captain Kelly is under great uneasiness, chiefly occasioned by not having liberty to speak with his wife and favourite daughter.

Mrs. Yallop is confined to her own house in the custody of a messenger.

November 3.—Last Thursday the Earl of Carlisle, Constable of the Tower dined with the Duke of Norfolk, who is attended by two of his domesticks, besides his own cook; but the wardens serve up the meat.

The trial of Mr. LAYER for high treason, was settled to be in November. *The Post Boy* of November 1st, mentions,

Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, Counsellor Layer was carry'd from the Tower in a coach guarded by 10 warders and 12 soldiers, with a sergeant and corporal, to the King's Bench Bar, and then arraigned.

November 3.—Last Thursday evening Mr. Hungerford and Mr. Kettleby, Counsellor Layer's counsel, were with him. This day, he will be brought again to the King's Bench Bar.

LAYER's trial took place on the 21st of November, at the King's Bench bar, at Westminster. From the evidence adduced on this occasion, it appeared that a plan for a general insurrection, the overthrow of the established government, and bringing in the Pretender, had been formed: the persons of the King and Prince were to be secured, and the ministers arrested—the Tower was to be seized upon, and the army bought over. An account was also given of finding the treasonable scheme, and correspondence relating to the conspiracy, at Mr. LAYER's lodgings in Southampton-buildings; and proof was afforded of their being in his handwriting. Mr. LAYER, who was a barrister on the Norfolk circuit, addressed the court with considerable effect, and had the aid of very able counsel in his behalf. Sir PHILIP YORKE, afterwards Lord Chancellor HARDWICKE, the Solicitor-General, distinguished himself by a very masterly reply on behalf of

the Crown; and the jury, after retiring for about half-an-hour, found the prisoner guilty, and sentence of death was afterwards passed upon him.*

One of the public journals which describes the trial, states that Mr. LAYER

"is said to have behaved himself very well, and to have appear'd very brisk and lively during the trial; but, upon the jury's bringing in their verdict, he was struck with a sudden damp, and seemed extremely chagrined, and was heard to say that he believed none but those very men (who composed his jury) would have done the like."

Mr. LAYER, after his condemnation, seems to have excited the public interest to a great degree, and considerable sympathy was manifested in his behalf:

November 27.—We hear Mr. Layer, since his conviction, lives mostly upon water-gruel, and is preparing himself for death. His wife was admitted to see him on Sunday, and his sister yesterday.

We hear Counsellor Layer is to be executed on Wednesday, December 12.

December 1.—On Wednesday, Mr. Layer's counsel moved that, if he must suffer death, it might be in Essex, in which county the indictment was found, and where the overt acts of which he is found guilty, were committed. But the counsel for the King objecting that some of these overt acts were committed in Middlesex, the court thereupon ordered his execution at the usual place in the said county, on Wednesday, the 12th of December next. The court was pleased to grant him so long a time, upon his counsel's representing that, beside his own affairs, he had others in Holland, in which several persons were concerned to settle.

Counsellor Layer, who was clothed in black when he went to receive his sentence, and has continued so ever since, is settling his private affairs, and preparing for his exit.

At the request of Counsellor Layer, the Revd. Dr. Moss, Dean of Ely, and Mr. Hawkins, Lecturer of All Hallows, Barking, are allowed to attend him during his confinement under sentence of death.

Mr. Layer himself made a very moving speech on the occasion of his receiving sentence. He begged for a little time to settle the affairs of his clients; for, having many settlements and mortgages in his hands, things must be left in great confusion, which would be to the prejudice of a great many families; that a short time would suffice for this, and that he would desire a little more to prepare himself to appear before the great Judge of Heaven.

His Counsel mov'd that the Reverend Mr. Thomson might be admitted to prepare him for death, but he being said to be the minister who christened Mr. Layer's child when the chevalier and the princess stood gossips by proxy, it was not allowed, but was told by the court that he might choose any other able divines, and he made choice of the Revd. Dr. Moss, and Mr. Hawkins Lecturer of Barking in Essex.

It is a matter of speculation from what place this unhappy gentleman is to be carried for his last stage. Whether he is to be continued in the Tower and from thence drawn upon the sledge to the place of execution; or whether he will not some small time before be delivered up by the Lieutenant of the Tower to the sheriffs of London, to be confined in Newgate, and so be conveyed from thence.

December 8.—We hear that Mrs. Layer had prevailed upon her unfortunate husband not to see his two young children as he had desired, lest the grief of parting with them might throw him into some disorder; his behaviour hitherto having been with wonderful resignation.

On Sunday as His Majesty was going to chapel, a petition in French was delivered to him on the behalf of Counsellor Layer.

December 11.—Last Sunday, Counsellor Layer and his wife and sister received the Holy Communion. To outward appearance he seems prepared for his dissolution to-morrow. He desired his wife not to see him on the day of execution.

All the warders of the Tower were accordingly ordered to attend at 7 o'clock on the morning of that day. But a few days afterwards, we are told,

On Tuesday about 2 in the afternoon, Mr. Crawford one of the King's Messengers, was dispatched with a warrant to the Lieutenant of the Tower, for respiting the execution of C. Layer, Esq., till Saturday the 22d. inst.

The said Counsellor's wife and sister were with him when the reprieve came to the Tower; and we hear the former was so greatly surprised at it that she swooned away for joy.

* HARRIS'S Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

After this there was a further reprieve made on the 22d. of December until the 19th of January, 1723.

December 22.—Mr. Layer is reprieved we hear for 99 years.

January 17, 1723.—The several examinations and papers relating to Mr. Christopher Layer, were yesterday laid before the Honourable House of Commons by His Majesty's command.

January 19.—Christopher Layer, lately condemned for High Treason, who was reprieved till this day, is further reprieved for 14 days longer.

The Lord North and Grey hath lately been very ill in the Tower, but is now somewhat better.

January 21.—On Saturday last, the committee appointed by the Honourable the House of Commons, examined Counsellor Layer at the Tower, and stay'd there several hours.

January 21.—It is now say'd that Counsellor Layer will in a few days be once more carry'd up to Westminster, and that a new Rule of Court will be made for his execution.

February 4.—Counsellor Layer, who was reprieved till this day, is further reprieved till this day se'nnight.

February 9.—Yesterday the Court of King's Bench was moved for an order to bring up Christopher Layer, Esq., to the bar of the said court which was granted; and we hear he will be brought up thither on Monday next, when 'tis believed a new rule of court will be made for his execution.

This was done on the 11th of February, when a rule was made for his execution, on the 27th of March. One of the journals states:

Yesterday were published the appendices referred to in the reports from the committee appointed by the House of Commons, for examining Christopher Layer and others. In which appears, on the one hand, a very shocking scene of villany, intended by the conspirators, and on the other, an uncommon vigilance and dexterity in His Majesty's ministers by watching their motions, intercepting their letters, &c. from time to time.

March 23.—We hear that a committee of Lords went, yesterday, to the Tower to examine Mr. Layer, who should now look upon himself as a dying man, and so make a true and genuine confession.

March 28.—The execution of Mr. Layer is further respited till the 3rd of May next, being the 3rd day in Easter Term.

May 4.—Yesterday Mr. Christopher Layer was carry'd, under a strong guard from the Tower, to the bar of the King's Bench, Westminster, and a new rule of court was made for his execution on Friday, the 17th inst.

May 14.—Mr. Christopher Layer, who stands condemn'd for High Treason, being ordered for execution on Friday next, we are well assur'd that he hath received notice to prepare for death in good earnest, and not to flatter himself with the hopes of any further reprieve.

May 18.—Yesterday, Christopher Layer, Esq., was executed at Tyburn, pursuant to his sentence at the Court of King's Bench, for High Treason. The sheriffs having demanded him of the proper officers of the Tower, he was delivered up accordingly; and his fetters being knocked off, was carry'd, under a guard of warders and soldiers, thro' the little guard room, over the draw-bridge to the wharf, from whence he walked to the iron gate near St. Catherine's, in the county of Middlesex, where he was received by the sheriffs officers, and carry'd upon a sledge to the place of execution; whither he was attended by two clergymen, viz., Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Berryman, who assisted him in his devotions. He made a speech at the gallows, and delivered a paper to the under-sheriff, and another to a friend of his. His head was afterwards sent to Newgate, to be set up, as we hear, at Temple Bar; but his quarters were delivered to his friends, who put them into a hearse, and brought them round about by Kensington, to Mr. Purday's, an undertaker in Stanhope-street, Chancery-market, who had them sewed up in order to be interred in Cambridgeshire.

Thus ended the career of Mr. LAYER. Probably no reasonable doubt could be entertained, even by his warmest partisans, as to his guilt, or as to the strict justice of the sentence awarded against him. But we may also express an opinion that the feeling of all moderate persons, of whatever party, as to the conduct of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and the government in torturing their victim and his innocent relatives in the manner that has been described, and in the end consigning him to his fate, after repeated respites, and holding out hopes of mercy, must have been as decisive as their judgment upon the former. The conspiracy is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable that history records.

PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Odd Fellows and Friendly Societies. By F. G. P. NEISON, F. L. S. 13th Edition, enlarged. London: Simpkin and Co.

The New Friendly Societies Act, with Introduction, Notes, and very Copious Index. By WILLIAM PATERSON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Crockford. 1851.

THE Clergy interest themselves so greatly in Benefit Societies, being in fact their promoters and patrons, that we shall be doing effective service to the public to direct their attention, through the medium of this journal, which is read by so many of them, to the discovery made by Mr. NEISON, from most extensive data supplied to him from every accessible source at home and abroad, that all the existing Benefit Societies in England are proceeding upon a false basis, and that the consequence will be, that they must, in a certain period, and that not a very distant one, inevitably become insolvent. In fact, Mr. NEISON has ascertained that their tables are erroneous, the subscriptions being insufficient to cover the risks, and that although they may appear to prosper for a time, while the first subscribers are young, the funds will certainly be absorbed long before the claimants upon them are satisfied, and that those who are first sick or disabled will be provided for, while those who come later for aid will find themselves deprived of the provision they had been storing up through their long lives of toil.

The prospect is terrible, and, as Mr. NEISON has ascertained the fact beyond a doubt, it behoves all who possess any influence with Benefit Societies in their neighbourhoods, at once to institute an inquiry into the rates of subscription and the rates of payment to the sick; to point out to the members the certain and fearful consequences of a very small error in calculation in these respects, and to advise that the tables should be reconstructed, either by Mr. NEISON, or by some other actuary, who has made the subject a study, and who is competent to advise them on so vital a point. We can recommend to them also as equally competent to this purpose, with the author of the pamphlet named at the head of this notice, (who is, perhaps, too much occupied to undertake all,) his brother, Mr. WILLIAM NEISON, the Secretary to *The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, 30, Essex-street, who is, indeed, now framing the tables for relief in sickness and disability for that Society.

But this let us earnestly impress upon our readers—to permit of no delay. Every day will increase the difficulty of adjustment. We may mention, as a fact, that in one Society, whose tables were recently submitted to Mr. NEISON, he discovered that it would require no less than two millions of pounds to meet their engagements, according to their tables and terms! And it is believed that the great majority of them are equally miscalculated.

The reason is plain. The old authorities give the average amount of disabling sickness, taking the whole life through, at four-and-a-half days per annum. Mr. NEISON has found from the collected experience of a vast number of Benefit Societies, that it is, in fact, upwards of six days. Yet the tables are calculated upon the assumption of the former average. But this is not the only source of error. The estimated average is that of all persons of all classes, but the claimants upon this fund are persons who have more than the average of disability. Then, again, the Benefit Societies require the same subscription from all ages, whereas, the risks of some ages are infinitely greater than those of others, and the result is, that those who are advanced in years will come early upon the fund and consume it wholly, leaving nothing for the younger ones when their time comes to be recipients instead of contributors. They will have paid the greatest portion and will receive the least.

We have not space here to go into the details of Mr. NEISON's Essay, but we have intimated enough of its revelations to recommend it to the serious attention of our readers, for whom the subject has any interest. Let them read it with care, and impart the sum of its contents to their poorer neighbours, using what influence they have to avert the impending ruin before it be too late.

The other work is a neat and convenient little edition of the Statute of last Session, for regulating Friendly Societies. It is addressed to the popular rather than to the legal understanding. As it is a chapter in the law with which every patron and officer of a Benefit Society ought to be acquainted, or at least which he requires to have in his possession for reference, this edition of it, so neat and compact in size, with such explanatory notes, and so very copious an index, will be found of great convenience, and its trifling price, only eighteen pence, places it within the reach of all.

HISTORY.

The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland. By DANIEL WILSON, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1851.

THE difference between the Archaeologist and the Antiquarian is precisely the same as between the Naturalist and the Collector; the latter gathers to possess; the former possesses to learn: the ambition of the one begins just where that of the other ends.

It is against the mere Antiquarian, whose estimate of value is regulated by age alone, and who venerates, loves, desires and treasures merely for antiquity's sake, without reference to uses in the revelation of the obscure history of the past, that wifings have been wont to point their jests, usually with very hearty appreciation of the joke by their sympathising audience. There was a time when it required some courage in a man to confess himself an Antiquarian. That period has long past. Archaeology has grown to be a science of great respectability, because it has applied itself to practical uses. By help of it, important progress has been made in other sciences of still more interest than itself, as ethnography, which purposes to trace the history of the races of men. Welcome, therefore, is every contribution to the stores whence alone this knowledge can be gleaned, and thrice welcome such a work as this, from the pen of one who has possessed peculiar advantages for its production, and relating to a country which may boast of as rare and valuable a collection of the relics of the past as any land in Europe has yet been enabled to exhibit.

This remarkable volume is not, however, as its title might lead many readers to suppose, a mere miscellaneous gathering of the archaeological facts which Scotland has contributed to the general store. Mr. WILSON has treated his subject scientifically, and upon a system which at once exhibits the fact and the result. He has arranged his copious stores of information into periods, which illustrate certain stages of society, following the order of time, and showing conclusively the progress of civilization, slow, but certain. The existence of these periods is too plainly indicated by the relics preserved of them to admit of any doubt, and a review of these relics in their periodic groups presents to the mind's eye a strangely perfect picture of man, as he was in each of those stages of his intellectual growth. First, we are introduced to the Primeval or Stone Period, which preceded the discovery of the use of metals, when dwellings, temples, weapons, implements of husbandry, vessels for domestic use and personal ornaments, were all constructed out of stone, chipped to shape with infinite delicacy, and polished with a skill that has not since been surpassed. Of this period, so strange and interesting, the relics

are very numerous, and have been found in all parts of the country. A minute account of them, with engravings, is here given by Mr. WILSON.

The Second is "the Archaic or Bronze Period," when people had discovered the uses of metal, and how to extract it from the bowels of the earth, and how to amalgamate and work it. This, of course, bespeaks a vast onward stride in civilization, and accordingly we find all the varieties of workmanship increased in number and in complication of form; ornament is introduced with more or less of profusion.

The Third is termed "the Teutonic or Iron Period," and it will probably excite some surprise, wherefore bronze took precedence of iron in discovery or in use. But we are by no means satisfied that such was the case; the absence of iron from the former period might be accounted for by the perishable nature of that metal as compared with bronze; the iron of that distant era has probably wasted away, for it is incredible that the discoverers and users of the rarer mixed metal should not have discovered both the presence and the practical value of the more abundant one. The greater portion of the relics of this period are Roman, and among the most curious of them may be named a Roman Oculist's Medicine Stamp, found in East Lothian, proving that quacks and quackery were as flourishing then as now, and much, too, after the same fashion.

The Fourth and last is "the Christian Period," of which the collections are necessarily much more abundant, including an immense variety of ecclesiastical relics. To these Mr. WILSON has paid particular attention and presented engravings of the most curious of them, and the whole of this portion of the volume will be consulted with eager interest by the many persons who are now engaged in the study of the earlier ecclesiastical history of the Anglican Church, which cannot but receive much elucidation from the many facts here gathered. If for this alone, the volume before us will be welcomed by our readers. The chapters on Primitive Ecclesiology, Medieval Ecclesiology, and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, which occupy nearly a fourth of the whole volume, will be perused with profound interest, and may be profitably employed for the purpose of maintaining our Church in the position from which such terrible attempts are now being made to dethrone her.

From such a volume to make two or three extracts descriptive of relics of which we cannot transfer the engraved sketch, would be an injustice to the author, and without advantage or interest to our readers. They will better learn its nature and value from this outline of its plan and contents, and with that we do most confidently recommend it to the regards of all who take an interest in the subject it treats so well.

A similar sketch of the Archaeology of England, another of Wales, and a third of Ireland, would be a work of equal utility, and, we believe, not without profit as well as honour. We throw out the hint to competent authors seeking for a subject.

The History of England, from the Accession of George III., 1760, to the Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837. By the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D., Canon of Peterborough. Third Edition. To which is prefixed a Preliminary Essay. In 7 vols. London: Bell.

THE seventy-seven years through which this History extends are, perhaps, the most memorable in the history of the world, for the magnitude and number of the events they witnessed, and the vast changes effected in the condition and prospects of Society—not in England only, or in Europe alone, but throughout the world, with the single exception of China. A grander theme could not be desired by ambition than to record the

story of this wonderful era; surveying events in their causes and effects, and in their mutual relationship, and thence to educe the philosophy, both political and social, which those facts teach. For that is the purpose of History. Facts have no worth in themselves, apart from the lessons to be derived from them. A man is neither wiser nor better from knowing that such a thing happened on such a day. It is only when he examines groups of facts, and learns *why* such things were, and what were their *consequences*, that he turns his information to any account—because thus, and only thus, can he employ the experience of the past as a guide for the future.

This reminds us that the uses of history are very much misunderstood. Some suppose that there is a virtue in the mere knowledge of the facts, apart from any application of them. Others, more wise, recognise the truth that the facts of the past are valuable only when employed to guide us through the future; but they will often err in the manner of their application, for they take certain facts bodily, and compare them with certain real or supposed resemblances or differences in present circumstances, and thence draw their conclusions. But very little reflection will suffice to assure us that even this application of History is faulty; because, whatever the apparent likeness in some particulars, no two states of circumstances ever were, or ever will be, precisely alike; and, therefore, nothing is so deceptive as such parallels, and no conclusions so dangerous and doubtful as those drawn from them. In truth, the real and only value of History is to supply the materials, from which the general principles that govern human nature individually and collectively in certain circumstances may be deduced, which *principles* we should use for our guidance, with the most perfect confidence that, though facts and particular cases may deceive and betray us, principles will never fail us, if they be steadfastly abided by, looking steadily to the end, and not permitting ourselves to be diverted from the straight path they point out, by the accidental obstacles of special cases and exceptional occurrences.

We cannot say that Mr. HUGHES has fully comprehended the greatness of his task, or has approached it with the comprehensive purpose requisite to produce a book which "the world will not willingly let die." He is a very good narrator, but an indifferent philosopher. He has displayed many of the virtues of an historian—patience, research, accuracy, impartiality, and an unaffected, but fluent style. But here our praise must end. He does not look below the surfaces of things. He cannot survey groups of men or events, as MACAULAY does, and reveal the secret springs of action; he is unable to deduce principles from facts, and he has not mastered the art of trying facts by principles, and testing the truth by rules. He is over-anxious in the production of authorities, but then he is always content with an authority, and seldom troubles himself to test the truth of the authority by rules of evidence. Enough for him that the assertion appears in some acknowledged record: whether it be in itself probable, or even possible, even upon its own showing, he never cares to question.

We do not prefer this as a peculiar fault of Mr. HUGHES; it is the common failing with historians. Nay, it was the universal failing, until NIEBUHR set the example of employing reason in the composition of history. When he annihilated by this process a considerable portion of the Roman History, the application of the test was soon made to others; and, thenceforth, we find history written with more or less of reference to argument, in order to try the worth of authorities.

This history was, we believe, written as a continuation of HUME and SMOLLETT, and it is not unworthy of association with them. The manner, indeed, much resembles that of the latter historian, only with less tediousness in trifles, and a better judgment in the selection of materials. It is, for copiousness, the most

extensive history of the period to which it relates that our literature possesses; and, if not the best that could be desired, is the best that exists. In this third edition, the author has introduced many corrections, additions, and other improvements, suggested by the reviewers, by private friends, and his own subsequent readings and reflections. These have added materially to the value of the work, and will recommend it to a wider patronage than it has yet enjoyed. It is creditable to Mr. HUGHES that, while forming and consistently maintaining his own principles, political and religious, he seldom suffers them to bias his judgment upon parties and persons who differ from him. He recognises merit in an opponent, and condemns vice and folly in a friend, with an impartiality more often praised than practised. In this respect he is a model which others may study with advantage.

Apologizing for thus, contrary to rule, dwelling upon a third edition, and pleading in excuse the unusual importance of the work that asks for notice, we commend it to our readers as the best History of the Seventy Years which we possess, and which will serve for study until a better one shall appear.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries; including numerous Original Letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill. Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Colburn.

THE Editor does not inform us who is the author of these memoirs. All we know is, that Mr. WARBURTON approved them, wrote a few pages of introduction, and has given them to the world, with his own name large upon the title-page, thereby probably inducing many persons to suppose that he was parent instead of sponsor, and tempting them to buy, in the belief that the authorship was his. We have never noticed this sort of assumption of a title without rebuking it. The practice is unworthy, although Mr. WARBURTON may certainly plead examples in much higher stations in the literary world than he can boast. But we are not inclined, on this account, to pass it over without an expression of hostility to a practice which is either a folly or a vice; a folly, if done without evil intent to deceive, for it is a worthless impertinence; a vice, if the motive be to win buyers by false appearances.

And, in the present instance, it was the less excusable, because there was no need for it. The *Memoirs* are of sufficient worth to recommend themselves. The real author needed not to have shrunk from affixing to them his own name; he might have been assured that, if Mr. WARBURTON did not scruple to associate himself with them, he might have ventured to appear in his proper place in lieu of his substitute. It would have been very much more respectable for both, and have given greater confidence to reviewers and readers.

It is, however, to be observed that the *Memoirs* have no claim to be an original work, nor, indeed, do they pretend to be so. They are, in fact, a laborious selection from the copious correspondence of HORACE WALPOLE, compiled with great care and good judgment, arranged in chronological order, and strung together with the slightest possible thread, so as to form a continuous narrative, and sustain the attention of the reader. Such a work, well done, could not fail to produce an extremely pleasant and readable book, which, if it bring little fame to the writer, will yield something more tangible, for it is precisely adapted for the means, the time, and the taste of those who could not venture upon the fifteen volumes from which these twain have been industriously gleaned. The task is useful, if a humble one, and it has been performed with workmanlike skill; the result is a book which will be extensively read, and enjoyed by all who read it. Mr. WARBURTON calls the

author an "impartial biographer." This is absurd. He is not a biographer at all, if by that term we mean "a composer of a biography." He is nothing more nor less than a clever compiler.

The outlines of the life of HORACE WALPOLE are known to everybody, it will, therefore, be unnecessary to repeat them. The details are too desultory and too various to be abstracted within any possible limits we could assign to them; but these would give a faint conception of the attractions of the work, which consist mainly in the extracted correspondence, the anecdotes and the gossip of which it is made up. They can only be shown by extract, and a few passages will serve to indicate the sort of entertainment which the reader may anticipate. They will necessarily be but an imperfect representation of the vast variety contained in these 900 pages, but they will suffice to show what is the general style of the compilation.

Here is a letter relating to

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF GRAY.

Poor Mr. Gray had been complaining some time of the gout flying about him, but had been much out of order with it in his stomach for a week, or thereabouts, before his death. I heard nothing of his being ill till the morning of the day he died, when Mr. Essex, in his way to Ely, called on me to acquaint me with it, and of his danger. In the evening I sent my servant to Cambridge to know how he was: but he was then dying, and no messages could be delivered. This was on Tuesday, July 30th, and he died that evening about seven or eight o'clock. He desired to be buried very early in the morning, at Stoke-Pogis; so he was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and on the Sunday morning following was carried in a hearse from College, which was to lie at Hodsdon that night, and the next at Salt-Hill, in order to be near Stoke the next morning. He made the new Master of Pembroke Hall, his particular friend (Mr. Browne), his executor, who attended him to the grave, with a cousin who lives at Cambridge (Miss Antrobus), and a young gentleman of Christ's College, with whom he was very intimate, but whose name I am ignorant of; these, with the husband of another Miss Antrobus, attended the hearse to Stoke. What fortune he has left behind him he has divided between these two ladies: how much that is, I know not. At first it was reported 8,000*l.* between them; it is since much lessened, and, indeed, I suppose it hardly possible for him to have saved so much. His books and MSS. are all left by him to his friend Mr. Mason, with a discretionary power to print or not, as he pleases. Some few days before his death he sent an express to Mr. Stonehewer, whom I suppose you know, to beg he would come down to Cambridge: as Dr. Gisborne was accidentally with him when the messenger arrived, he prevailed with that physician to go down with him; this was the more necessary, as the professor here had been sent to, and, because it was in the night, refused to attend. But it was too late for advice; and all that could be done was to make his exit as easy as possible. There is a circumstance, though I have scarce time, which I must relate to you, as it appeared striking to me. The last time I saw him was at the funeral of Dr. Long, the late Master of Pembroke. You wrote to me next day, with a desire I would mention something to Mr. Gray, which I forgot. However, I sent my servant with your letter, and in mine, by way of joke, took notice to him of some indecencies and slovenliness I thought I observed in the solemnity for so good a master and benefactor. His answer was in jest also, that they knew no better, having had no funeral in their chapel in any one's remembrance; that when the next happened, they would apply to me for my advice, "which, however," said he, "I hope won't yet be these forty years." Poor man, I little thought then his would be the next, and so soon too!

Very soon after this communication, we find another on the same subject:

All his furniture he divided between his consins here, who, on the Master's representation, sent back a piano-forte, which had been given to him by Mr. Stonehewer; but, as the Master said, Mr. Gray had accepted of it reluctantly, not liking to put his friend to such an expense. He thought it right that Mr. Stonehewer should have it again. On the same principle, Mr. Mason designs to return an antique seal, representing the figure of Justice, which was forced upon him by Mr. Bedingfield, a brother of the baronet, and a great admirer of Mr. Gray, who had been delicately scrupulous in receiving it, and knew not how to refuse it with good manners. By a memorandum the Master lately found, it appears that he was near fifty-five years of age, being

born December 26th, 1716. He went off pretty easily, considering the nature of his disorder, the gout in his stomach, which occasioned a sickness and loss of appetite; neither would anything stay in his stomach; he complained also for want of proper evacuations; and it was not till the Friday before he died that he had any convulsions; at which time he was seized with the first, and then had them occasionally till his death on the Tuesday night following, though not to any great degree; the Master sitting with him till within half-an-hour of his exit. He retained the use of his senses to the last, but gave proof of their decay a day or two before his death, which was not unexpected, as he told his cousin, "Molly, I shall die!" The decay I mentioned was this:—seeing the Master sitting by him, he said "Oh, sir, let Dr. Hallifax or Dr. Heberden be sent to." He certainly meant for physical assistance; now Dr. Hallifax, the King's Professor of Law, and his acquaintance, is a divine, and no physician. He gave another proof, some few days before his death, of his apprehension of it; for, being on his couch when Professor Plumtree and Dr. Glynn were consulting about him in the room, giving the Master the keys of his bureau, he told him where to find his purse, and to bring him some gold to fee the physicians, which he did with his own hands, and very cheerfully asked them, "Well, gentlemen, what must this complaint of mine be called after all?" "Certainly," answered the Professor, "the gout in the stomach; but, however," added he, "don't be uneasy—as we make no doubt to drive it thence." When he told the Master where to find the purse, he said, "and, Master, if there should be any occasion for it, you will find something else in the same drawer," meaning his will; which was all he said on the melancholy subject. I have been thus minute and particular, as I guess you would like to know the most trifling circumstances and features, that out of the whole a more striking likeness may be formed. As it was warm weather, and the distance considerable, it was impossible to comply with that part of his will, relating to his coffin, which was wrapped in lead. Mr. Tyson seeing me pass by, in Free School Lane, in my way yesterday to Pembroke, called to me out of the window, begging me to come into his chamber to look at a drawing he had just finished of Mr. Gray; which I have a notion he intends either to send to you, or if he etches it, to inscribe to you, for I did not well understand him. It is very like him; but I think not more so than the etching by Mr. Mason, which, no doubt, you have, and which, he would persuade me, is very unlike, though, in my own opinion, his own is copied from it.

Let us take a peep at

WALPOLE IN RETIREMENT.

Walpole had many fair acquaintances, and with a species of refined gallantry, then not entirely out of season, he endeavoured to recommend himself to their good opinion by publishing his estimate of their attractions. From time immemorial it has been the privilege of the poet to draw his inspiration from the personal graces of the more admirable examples of the sex with whom it may have been his exceeding good fortune to have become intimate. It matters little whether such example be married or single, maid or widow; neither crusty father, nor jealous husband, nor testy guardian has any right to interfere with the poet's privilege. Where beauty exists, he claims to be her herald, and his blazoning is that which outlasts all others.

The Sacharissa of Waller is remembered, while the armorial bearings of Sunderland are forgotten, and the Leonora of Tasso has a prouder and more lasting title to fame than that derived from the heraldis glories of the House of Este.

One of Walpole's happiest attempts at verse was a familiar poem called "The Beauties—an epistle to Mr. Eckardt the painter," in which he remonstrates with the artist for lamenting that the beauties so renowned in classical story had flourished so long before his time, and refers by name to the numerous females then existing in society, whose personal attractions might successfully rival the fairest of the fair deities of Greece or Rome. This poem, he says, met with marked success:—

On Britain's isle observe the fair,
And curious, choose your models there,
Such patterns as shall raise your name
To rival sweet Correggio's fame,
Each single piece shall be a test,
And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jest,
Who ransacked Greece, and culled the age
To bring one goddess on the stage;
On your each canvass we'll admire
The charms of the whole heavenly choir.

The poem contains some prettily turned compliments on his fair contemporaries—not unworthy the pupil of Waller; for example—

With her the bright dispensing fair,
Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant son
The new aurora Lyttelton.

Such Guido's pencil, heavenly tipped
And in ethereal colours dipped,
In measured dance to tuneful song
Drew the sweet goddess, as along,
Heaven's azure 'neath their bright feet spread,
The buxom Hours the fairest led.

Although, in the autumn of 1743, Walpole is found writing so enthusiastically in praise of a town life as to assert that if he were a physician he would "prescribe nothing but recipe cccxv. drachm. Londin.," he began to sigh for a change.

Walpole having already contracted a habit of literary composition, was therefore naturally inclined towards the leisure of retirement. Though extremely partial to London, and not averse to society, the distaste he felt or affected for a political life, and the increasing pleasure he found in cultivating a taste for literature and art, and in forming a collection of articles of *vertu*, made him anxious to remove from the perpetual stir of the metropolis to some quiet retreat in the country, where he could, uninterruptedly, pursue the studies that had become so agreeable to him. There was no slight difficulty in the way of obtaining his wishes in this respect—for though his inclinations were for a country residence, he could not completely abandon the town.

We are presented with this industriously collected list of

WALPOLE'S ETON FRIENDS.

Young Walpole was on terms of affectionate intimacy with several of his schoolfellows, and this intimacy continued long after the boy had progressed to the man. We here can do little beyond mentioning their names, as more detailed notices of them will be found in their proper places further on in these pages. The second boy on his list of friends was Richard West, the only son of West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Bishop Burnet, the historian. He also was a poet, and possessed a mind of singular promise. The third was Thomas Asheton, who formed one of "the quadruple alliance," Walpole, Grey, Asheton, and West, to which the former refers so agreeably in his early letters. There existed another friendly association, which he calls "the triumvirate," composed of George, son of Brigadier-General Montagu, his younger brother Charles, and Walpole. There is no doubt of the latter's partiality for the Montagus; indeed, for the elder it was as fervent as it proved durable; yet we have reason to believe that he felt still stronger sympathy with his brethren of "the quadruple alliance," each of whom was at this time, like himself, an aspirant for poetic honours. In the portion of his correspondence before alluded to there is also friendly mention made of certain Etonians under the assumed names of Tydeus, Oros-mades, Almanzor, and Plato. There was a lad of the name of William Cole in the school, a quiet studious boy, whose love of old books with quaint frontispieces and still quainter text Walpole shared. There were two others amongst his numerous schoolfellows to whom he was extremely partial; they were as different as possible from those already named, yet there is no doubt that they exercised a considerable influence in forming the Walpole of society. The first of these was Charles, the third son of John Hanbury, Esq., of Pontypool-park, Monmouthshire, who having befriended his neighbour, Charles Williams, of Caerleon, when he was in trouble on account of having killed a man in a fray, bequeathed to young Hanbury, his godson, the whole of a large fortune to purchase an estate on condition of his assuming the name of Williams. The other was George Augustus, the son of Colonel John Selwyn, of Metson, in Gloucestershire, who was a kinsman of Hanbury Williams's. Both boys were rather distinguished for fine spirits than for fine talents; they were remarkable for vivacity, quickness, and social humour—qualities not likely to be lost upon a Horace Walpole, even when a boy. Hanbury Williams, too, was recommended to him by a facility in writing verses; verses, however, of a totally different character from those perpetrated by "the quadruple alliance," for they aimed at pleasantry rather than at poetry, at satire much more frequently than at sentiment.

In this latter band we must include Horace Walpole's cousin, Lord Hertford, and his younger brother, Henry Conway. It is not known that they were possessed of any of those particular qualifications which attached him to the other boys we have named, but there is no doubt that they inspired him with a strong affection, which outlived every other attachment that had its rise at the same time. There were many others in the school with whom young Horace was a favourite; but their partiality does not appear to have travelled beyond the place where it originated. No doubt they joined with their more fortunate associates in the interest generally felt at Eton for the son of the great Minister.

Here is a reminiscence of

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

By order of the Prince of Wales, his R. H. appointed us, Mr. Palmer, his Groom of the Presence, Mr. Knapp-

and myself, to meet at Leicester House, 7-8 o'clock Friday morning, October 12 [1750], a coach and four being at the gate provided to carry us to Kew House, where the Prince was; ordered our breakfast of chocolate, and when we had done to come into the gardens, where he was directing the plantation of trees and exotics with the workmen—advising and assisting. There we were received graciously and freely, walking and attending the Prince from place to place for two or three hours, seeing his plantations; told his contrivances, designs of his improvements in his gardens, water works, canal, &c.; great number of people labouring there; his new Chinese summer house; painted in their state and ornaments the story of Confucius and his doctrines; after which interval the Prince went into breakfast with the Princess. At our turning back to the house, we met his Royal Highness going again to his works and plantations, and we accompanied him for about an hour longer. He told us (Mr. Knapp and me) he had given directions to his Gentleman of the Presence Chamber (Mr. Palmer) to go with us to Hampton Court Palace, there with him we should together view the pictures, the Prince being desirous to have my opinions—to be acquainted well with that collection. We came there; soon after arrived the Princess, and her eldest daughter the Princess Augusta, and a lady, &c. in one coach and six, and servants.

And this is the account of

HIS DEATH.

Oh, unhappy day! Being Wednesday, March 20, 1751, about 10 o'clock in the evening, then died his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, at his house Leister Fields, having been ill about a fortnight or three weeks. He was first taken ill, being in his gardens at Kew, where he was directing the planting and setting of some exotic trees, in which gardens for their improvement he took great pains and pleasure daily, for exercise and health, yet [had] the unhappiness to be there when a great prodigious storm of hail fell, that was so violent that before he could get to his house in doors he was wetted thro', and was so bad from the cold he got, and so continued daily, that all the care and skill of the physicians was in vain, and he died in the 45th year of his age and two months. A Prince of great humanity, noble and benevolent, of constant affability. By his Princess he had eight children living, and impregnated with another; generous and friendly to his servants; to arts and sciences a great lover and admirer; had a taste for the Belles Lettres, and [was] a lover of paintings and works of fine taste; not only [was he] an encourager of the musical performances, but also so well skilled as to perform a part in the musical concerts, which he often had in his own house; with all these great qualities [he was] conversable and void of ceremony and pride as any man living. His collection of the best masters will always show his taste, tho' not the extent of his judgment and inclinations; that he has done more in collections than any Prince in England since King Charles the First, and emulated that worthy great King, wishing he could form so considerable a collection, and from me had three vols., fairly written, of that King's collections, and also another volume; he had an account drawn up of what pictures remained now in the palaces of Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor. The loss of this noble Prince long may I lament; but shall never see the like. He had an excellent memory, spoke several languages with great exactness and freedom, seeming always pleasant and lively. His complexion fair, light hair and eyes; not tall, nor very robust. But this sudden death and loss will be irreparable; he was endowed with so many heroic virtues which formed a great and good prince.

Lastly, let us take a peep at his

DOINGS AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

Walpole's building, and all his other undertakings, were nearly brought to a sudden conclusion towards the close of the year 1749, by a rencontre with Maclean, the highwayman, who robbed him in Hyde Park, and very nearly killed him, for Maclean's pistol accidentally went off; the ball glanced along his face, taking off part of the skin, and stunned him for a time. He mentions the circumstance in one of his communications to his friends at Florence, but subsequently refers to it more at length in a periodical publication.

Early in June, 1752, he writes to a friend that he is leading "a rural life, has had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of his pond, a present for his neighbour Mrs. Clive." These little creatures, of which he was very fond, were multiplying their numbers rapidly, and some had grown to the size of small perch. Mr. Bentley was then with him, finishing a series of drawings for Gray's Odes.

In the year 1745 Walpole had written an epilogue to "Tamerlane," on the suppression of the rebellion, to be

spoken by the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard, in the character of the Comic Muse. It is a sort of congratulation on the danger the stage has escaped by the overthrow of the Pretender and his Popish adherents, whose triumph, it is assumed, would have placed the drama under the leaden rule of monkish laureates and Inquisitor Lord Chamberlains.

A happier effort was his fable called "The Entail," which was occasioned by his having been asked whether, as he had built Strawberry Hill, and adorned it with the portraits of his ancestors, he did not intend to entail it on his family? It is in the style of the lighter efforts of Cowper, and is worthy a place beside them. Mr. Walpole also employed his pen as a contributor to periodical literature, and came forward as a prose essayist in the same light and playful style which had rendered so popular the names of Addison and Steele. The second number of a new literary journal, called "The Museum," contained a paper by him with the title of "A scheme for raising a large sum of money for the use of the Government, by laying a tax on message cards and notes." The introduction is a smart quiz upon existing antiquarianism, and the remainder is full of happy hits upon the female follies of the time. This was followed in No. 5 of the same journal by another contribution from the same pen, which took the shape of a title-page and chapter headings of a projected "History of Good Breeding." It possesses much of the drollery of Swift without his indecency.

This is precisely the sort of pleasant, gossiping, anecdotal, readable book, for circulation in a book-club.

Curran and his Contemporaries. By CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., A.B., one of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THIS work was not forwarded to us for review, and we have only formed a brief and superficial acquaintance with its contents from a copy procured from a circulating library. But that hasty perusal has been sufficient to satisfy us that it has no claims to a high place in biographical literature—it is a great flourish of words, conveying very little substance. Mr. PHILLIPS has been industrious in the collection of stray anecdotes, and so far the narrative is amusing; but, in the memoir of a distinguished lawyer and politician, we look for something more—for a picture of the times in which he flourished; for a philosophic examination of his influence upon them; how far the world was affected for good or ill by his existence, and then to make a practical application of the results as an example to others what *to do*, and as the evidence of experience as to the true and the right. Mr. PHILLIPS has not so employed his materials; he has produced a book which is rather for the circulating library and the book-club, than for the book-shelf and the study—it is worth reading once, but few will care to preserve it for re-perusal.

Thus much for our opinion of it as a whole. Wanting the work itself, we are unable to adopt our usual method of dealing with a biography by presenting an outline of the life which it depicts, and some specimens of its characteristics. Yet was CURRAN of sufficient notability to require some more detailed notice than we are able to give, and therefore we will take from the reviews in *The Times* and *The Morning Chronicle*, such portions as are worth perusal and preservation, with a few of the anecdotes we had copied from the volume, and thus place in the hands of our readers perhaps a better account of the book than we could have offered from our own unaided resources.

We take first the excellent biographical sketch of *The Morning Chronicle*:

John Philpot Curran was born at Newmarket, a little village in the county of Cork, on the 24th of July, 1750. His parents were in an humble rank of life, his father, James Curran, holding the office of seneschal of the manor, and being possessed, besides the paltry revenue derived from his post, of a very moderate income. It is a curious fact, that the paternal ancestor of the Curran family first came over to Ireland as a soldier of Cromwell's; and thus it happened that one of the most able and ardent patriots that country can boast of, derived his origin from one who was in the service of her most merciless and vindictive foe. Nothing remark-

able is told of the father of Curran, whose education and abilities seem to have been as unpretending as his position in the world. Very different, however, were the intellectual endowments of the mother of Curran, whose maiden name, Philpot, he bore himself, and preserved in his family. From his account she must have been a very extraordinary woman. Humble in her station, she was, of course, comparatively uneducated, but nature amply compensated for any fortuitous deficiencies in that respect. Full of humour and eloquence, she was the delight of her own circle, and the great chronicle and arbitress of her neighbourhood. Her legends were the traditions of the olden time, and were told with a burning tongue; her wit was the record of the rustic fireside, and the village lyric and the village jest received their alternate tinge from the national romance of her character. Little Jackey, as he was then called, used to hang with ecstasy upon her accents; he repeated her tales, he re-echoed her jests, he caught her enthusiasm, and often afterwards, when he was the delight of the senate, and the ornament of the bar, did he confess, as Mirabeau, Sir Samuel Romilly, and a countless number of other distinguished men have done, that whatever merit he had, he owed to the tuition of a gifted and affectionate mother. While quite a boy, young Curran exhibited numerous traits of an hereditary humour, and a taste for oratorical display. At the fairs, where wit and whisky provoked alternately the laugh and the shindy; and at the wake, where the fun was, if possible, still more boisterous, he was a constant and ever-welcome visitor. At this period, a circumstance occurred which he delighted to relate, as he said it first proved his aptitude for oratory. The keeper of a street puppet show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighbourhood, and the feats of Punch, and the eloquence of his man soon superseded every other topic. At length, however, Punch's man fell ill, and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had with his eyes and ears devoured the puppet show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager as Punch's man. The offer was gladly accepted, and for a time the success of the substitute was quite miraculous. Crowds upon crowds attended the performance; Punch's man was the theme of universal admiration. At length, before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon the village politics; he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience, and after disclosing every amour, and detailing every scandal, he commenced to ridicule the very priest of the parish. This was too bad. The audience, each of whom had listened with natural impatience to the revelations made concerning himself, found in the attack upon a minister of religion, a pretext for indulging their secret resentment; they rose *en masse*, and expelled Punch from the village. He was honourable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence deprecated such dangerous celebrity. Curran, in after times, used often to declare that he never produced such an effect upon any audience as in the humble character of Punch's man. At this period of his life, he described himself as "a little ragged apprentice to every kind of idleness and mischief, all day studying whatever was eccentric in those older, and half the night practising it for the amusement of those who were younger than myself." But the tide which was ultimately to lead him on to fortune and fame now began to flow. One morning, as he was playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket, in the midst of a laughing, joking, fighting, cheating party of kindred spirits, Mr. Boyse, the benevolent rector of Newmarket, made his appearance amongst them. His intrusion was not the least restraint upon the merry little assemblage, and he could not help taking a fancy to that young urchin in particular whose laugh was the loudest, and whose wagging was the most witty and eccentric in the humorous and light-hearted company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed young Curran to go home with the clergyman, who taught him his alphabet and grammar, and the rudiments of the classics, and at length sent him to the school at Middleton. Here he received more than the common classical education of the country, and laid the foundation of that general, if not profound, acquaintance with the best models of ancient literature, which few men have more largely possessed. From the school of Middleton, Curran passed on to Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered as a sizar on the 16th of June, 1769, at the age of nineteen. His academical course was unmarked by any literary distinction, save the obtaining of a scholarship, and indeed, subsequently through life he entertained a strong and rather overweening contempt for the college and its professors. That Curran's career through the University should not have been distinguished by the attainment of honours, which, after all, are a far better proof of industry than of genius, needs not be wondered at; and the names of Swift, Burke, and Goldsmith, may be also mentioned, as those of men who afterwards won for themselves an enduring

place in the history of their country, although their youthful brows were not decorated with academic wreaths. But little weight, however, must be attached to Curran's hasty expressions of contempt for the University in which he was reared, of which he had not qualified himself to form a judgment by a diligent devotion to its appointed studies; and whatever share of truth may be contained in his undutiful reproaches, ought to be set down rather to the account of the necessarily formal and constrained system of University teaching in general, than to that of the particular institution against which they were directed. The examples of Locke, who cherished throughout life a hatred and disgust for his studies at Oxford; and of Bacon, who erected his great philosophy on the contemned wreck of his Cambridge education, seem to indicate a natural distaste in great minds, which have, by self-education, set themselves free from the mere conventional forms of learning, for the system which for a time fettered, while it also trained and strengthened their powers.

From college Curran proceeded to London, where he entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, and contrived to earn a livelihood by the proceeds of his contributions to the periodical publications of the day, aided by a small stipend from the school at Middleton. After he had eaten through his terms at the Temple, he returned to Ireland, and there, in the year 1775, with, as he said himself, no living possession but a pregnant wife, whom he had recently most unfortunately married, and after much indecision respecting an emigration to America, he was called to the bar. Then commenced that arduous struggle with difficulty and opposition in all their varied shapes which the genius of law imposes as a condition on all who would enter her temple unassisted by friends, connections, or fortune. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, Curran proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging upon Hay-hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Yet even thus he was not altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light; he was young and ardent, buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the encouraging comparison with those who were successful around him; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers, whom he amused with his wit or amazed by his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd did not disdain occasionally to glean from his conversation the rich treasures which he squandered with the most unsparing prodigality, and some there were who observed the brightness of the rising luminary struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst those who had the discrimination to appreciate and the heart to feel for him, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden, and the first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation. Curran gave the following recital of the incidents connected with this important event in his history:—"I then lived," said he, "upon Hay-hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperment. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the date of my prosperity." From this period Curran's reputation as an advocate rapidly and steadily increased, until he at length reached the front ranks of his profession. The date of his first return to Parliament was in 1783, during the administration of Lord Northampton. He was elected for the borough of Kilbeggan, having for his associate the illustrious Henry Flood, with whom he joined the Opposition. He was not long before he gave a proof of the sturdy, courageous independence which distinguished him through life. Lord Longueville, who was the proprietor of the borough, returned Curran under the idea that his nominee, a barrister with a growing family, and totally dependent on his profession, would not suffer his principles to interfere with his interests. On the first question that occurred, however, Curran voted against

his patron, and by an energetic speech proved the fallacy of his anticipations. Lord Longueville, of course, warmly remonstrated; but Curran not only persevered in his independent opinions, but even appropriated the only 500*l.* he had in the world to the purchase of a seat, which he insisted on transferring as an equivalent for that of Kilbeggan. The political state of Ireland at the time when Curran entered Parliament affords a good illustration of the pithy saying of Carlyle, that the history of a nation is nothing more than the biographies of all its great men. The last thirty years of the eighteenth century constitute the brightest page in the past history of Ireland, and all their glory is reflected from the deeds and the eloquence of those distinguished men by whom Curran now found himself surrounded. He was fortunate enough to obtain the esteem and steadfast political friendship of the first and foremost in that noble throng, Henry Grattan—a man never to be mentioned by an Irishman's lips without gratitude and reverence—who, to employ his own expressive words, "had stood by the cradle of Irish independence, and had followed its hearse to the tomb;" and who, amidst the universal corruption and venality which were at once the cause and the justification of the measure that deprived Ireland of an independent legislature, maintained unsullied the honour of his character and consistency to his principles. At that period were also to be seen on the benches of the Parliament-house, Flood, who, in the opinion of Curran, "was immeasurably the greatest man of his time in Ireland," but of whose speeches and literary compositions hardly anything has survived to justify his reputation; the eloquent and argumentative Plunkett, almost the sole survivor of those stirring scenes, *quorum pars magna fuit*; the able, but arrogant and unfortunate Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland; Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore; Hussey Burgh, and others, who together formed a constellation of genius and talent, whose light will stream for ever along the pages of their country's history. It was in the company of such men as these that Curran was now placed, and he soon proved himself inferior to none in that distinguished assembly. He had not the brilliant periods and epigrammatic antitheses of Grattan; the clear, deep, conclusive reasoning of Flood; or the sweet and winning rhetoric of Burgh; but in the never-failing treasures of a wild and fascinating imagery, in varied pathos and sarcastic humour, he was superior to them all. It is not, indeed, upon the history of his Parliamentary career that Curran's fame chiefly rests, for it is an universal remark that in the senate, as an orator, he fell far below his estimation in the forum. He himself was fully aware that his speeches in Parliament were not equal to those he delivered at the bar, and he accounted for the fact in the following manner:—"You must consider that I was a person attached to a great and powerful party, whose leaders were men of importance in the State, totally devoted to those political pursuits from whence my mind was necessarily distracted by studies of a different description. They allotted me my station in debate, which, being generally in the rear, was seldom brought into action till towards the close of the engagement. After having toiled through the Four Courts for the entire day, I brought to the House of Commons a person enfeebled and a mind exhausted. I was compelled to speak late in the night, and had to rise early for the judges in the morning. The consequence was, my efforts were but crude, and where others had the whole day for the concoction of their speeches, I was left at the mercy of inability or inattention." Even the reports of his speeches at the bar, although fuller and more accurate than those of his Parliamentary orations, are yet very imperfect, and afford insufficient means of judging of the power and effect of his eloquence. His speeches were never corrected by himself; and so dissatisfied was he at their publication that he told Mr. Phillips he had offered 500*l.* for their suppression, which was refused. His intention, so often expressed, and so often procrastinated, of giving to the world a genuine edition of his speeches, was, in the end, never fulfilled. But sentences, however euphonious, and arguments, however powerful, were by themselves but sorry and futile weapons in the disputant's hands at the times of which we speak. The state of Ireland was at this period so barbarous that, as Curran described it, almost every argument was concluded by a wager of battle, and a man could hardly be considered to be enrolled in the Christian community until, as in some Indian colonies, his prowess had been proved by an appeal to arms! Curran could not, of course, entirely dispense with the usual means of deciding differences of opinion, and he possessed the coolness and physical courage which the duellist must always have at hand. His first encounter was with an officer of the name of St. Ledger, whose fire Curran did not return. His next duel was with Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, afterwards Earl of Clare, which arose out of an altercation in the House

of Commons, that was the first outbreak of an hostility on the part of Fitzgibbon which continued with an almost unaccountable rancour of feeling during his entire life.

Such was CURRAN. We take from *The Times* this sketch of the peculiar society in which his life was passed:

IRISH SOCIETY IN THE TIME OF CURRAN.

A more curious collection of likenesses was never crowded into one canvass. They all, indeed, have a strong family resemblance, but certainly they are like nothing else in nature: and to us, living in grave, and possibly dull and prosaic England—and in this our matter of fact and decorous age—the doings of the society which they have made illustrious appear more like a mad *saturnalia* than the sober and commonplace procedure of rational men. The whole people—every class, profession, and degree—seemed to consider life but a species of delicious dance, and a wild and frantic excitement the one sole pleasure. Repose, thoughtfulness, and calm they must have considered a premature death. Every emotion was sought for in its extreme, and a rapid variation from merriment to misery, from impassioned love to violent hate, was the ordinary (if in such an existence anything could be deemed ordinary)—the common and ordinary condition of life. Laughter, that was ever on the brink of tears—a wild joy, that might in an instant be followed by hopeless despondency—alternations from sanguine and eager hope to blank and apparently crushing despair,—such was Irish life, in which every one appeared to be acting a part, and striving to appear original by means of a strained and laborious affectation. Grady, continued, and rational industry was either unknown or despised; economy was looked upon as meanness—thrift was called avarice—and the paying a just debt, except upon compulsion, was deemed conduct wholly unworthy of a gentleman. Take the account Mr. Phillips himself gives. He speaks of the Irish squire; but the Irish squire was the raw material out of which so-called Irish gentlemen were made. "The Irish squire of half a century ago scorned not to be in debt; it would be beneath his dignity to live within his income; and next to not incurring a debt, the greatest degradation would have been voluntarily to pay one." And yet was there great pretension to honour, but a man of honour of those days would in our time be considered a ruffian certainly, and probably a black-leg or a swindler. "It was a favourite boast of his (the first Lord Norbury) that he began life with 50*l.*, and a pair of hair trigger pistols." "They served his purpose well." * * * The luck of the hair triggers triumphed, and Toler not only became Chief Justice, but the founder of two peerages, and the tetrator of an enormous fortune. After his promotion the code of honour became, as it were, engrafted on that of the Common Pleas; the noble chief not unfrequently announcing that he considered himself a judge only while he wore his robes." The sort of law dispensed by this fire-eating judge might be easily conceived even without the aid of such an anecdote as the following:—"A nonsuit was never heard of in his time. Ill-natured people said it was to draw suitors to his court; Toler's reason for it was that he was too constitutional to interfere with a jury. Be that as it may, a nonsuit was a nonentity. 'I hope, my Lord,' said counsel in a case actually commanding one, 'your Lordship will, for once, have the courage to nonsuit?' In a moment the hair-triggers were uppermost. 'Courage! I tell you what, Mr. Wallace, there are two sorts of courage—courage to shoot, and courage to nonshoot—I have both; but nonshoot now I certainly will not; and argument is only a waste of time.' "I remember well," says Mr. Phillips, when speaking of another judge, Mr. Justice Fletcher, "at the Sligo summer assizes for 1812, being counsel in the case of *The King v. Fenton*, for the murder of Major Hillas in a duel, when old Judge Fletcher thus capped his summing up to the jury:—'Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says, the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you at the same time, a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life.' It is scarcely necessary to add that there was an immediate acquittal." By way of giving some idea of the character of society then, the following enumeration is supplied by the memory of Mr. Phillips:—

"Lord Clare, afterwards Lord Chancellor, fought Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls. So much for equity; but common law also sustained its reputation.

"Clonme, afterwards chief Justice, fought two Lords and two Commoners,—to show his impartiality, no doubt.

"Medge, afterwards Baron, fought his own brother-in-law, and two others.

"Toler, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common

Pleas, fought three persons, one of whom was Fitzgerald, even in Ireland the 'fire-eater' *par excellence*.

"Patterson, also afterwards Chief Justice of the same court, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with guns, another with swords, and wounded them all!

"Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, fought Mr. Grattan.

"The Provost of Dublin University, a Privy Councillor, fought Mr. Doyle, a Master in Chancery, and several others.

"His brother, collector of Customs, fought Lord Mountmorris.

"Harry Deane Grady, counsel to the Revenue, fought several duels; and 'all hits,' adds Barrington, with unctious.

"Curran fought four persons, one of whom was Egan, Chairman of Kilmalsham; afterwards his friend, with Lord Buckinghamshire. A duel in these days was often a prelude to intimacy."

In spite, nevertheless, of this rude, nay, almost wild condition of society,—in spite of a most fantastic affectation attending nearly every act and thought and word,—yet were Curran and his contemporaries men of great and vigorous ability. Grattan, Curran, and Flood deserve, indeed, to take rank among the foremost class of their own age,—among the men of genius of every age and country. If we speak of them as orators, and wish to judge of their excellence with relation to the great orators of our own country, we must bear in mind the character of the society in which they lived, and of the assemblies they addressed. It would be unjust to try them by the rules of our fastidious taste and undemonstrative manners. They addressed Irishmen, and Irishmen just when most excited, and indulging in all the wild sallies of a dearly-prized and lately acquired independence. What to us would appear offensive rant and disgusting affectation would in the Irish House of Commons have been but the usual manifestation of strong feeling, and was absolutely required, if the speaker desired to move as well as convince his auditory.

We subjoin some anecdotes gleaned from the volume:

CURRAN'S WIT.

Mr. Phillips's first introduction to Curran was made the occasion of a mystification, or practical joke, in which Irish wits have excelled since the time of Dean Swift, who was wont (*vide* his letters to Stella,) to call these jocose tricks "a sell," from selling a bargain. The young "counsellor," Mr. Phillips—all barristers are counsellors in Ireland—went brimful of expectation to hear the "old man eloquent" over the bottle—his source of highest inspiration. There was a good dinner, but no joking; this, however, Mr. Phillips found no fault with. After the dinner was over, Curran said, "Mr. Phillips, you see the table is cleared, but there are no preparations for a symposium; it all depends on you. My friends here generally prefer a walk after dinner. It is a sweet evening; but if you wish for wine, say so without ceremony." Of course, Mr. P. would not "wish for wine" under the circumstances, and the party rose from the table—Mr. P. dreadfully disappointed, and wishing for anything except the "sweet evening." "The walk," however, was only to the drawing-room, where Curran was wont to take his dessert and his wine; and the laugh was against Mr. Phillips for the remainder of the evening. He comforted himself, however, in the recollection that it formed an era in his life. From that day until the day of Curran's death, Mr. P. was "his intimate and associate." The social wit of the Irish orator was not less apposite than his forensic wit. To Lundy Foot, the tobaccoist, who asked him for a motto for his carriage, he gave the words *Quid Rides*. Cross-examining a witness as to his master's age, the saucy servant inquired, "Do you think I know his age as he does a horse's, by the mark of mouth?" "You were right not to try it friend," replied Curran, "for you know your master is a *great bite*" (a great rogue.) A gentleman just called to the bar took up a pauper cause; it was remarked upon sarcastically. "The man is right," said Curran; "a barber begins on a beggar, so that when he arrives at the dignity, he may know how to shave a duchess." It was on this bon mot that Mr. O'Connell built the nickname which he conferred upon Lord Stanley, when he acted as Secretary for Ireland—"shave-beggar,"—a name which stuck to him during his residence in that country, and which is still remembered in song and story among gentle and simple in that country. Respecting a Limerick banker, remarkable for his talent in driving a hard bargain, who had an iron leg: "Depend upon it," remarked Curran to a friend, "depend upon it his leg is the softest part about him."

Here is a description of

CURRAN AS AN ADVOCATE.

It was an object almost with every one to preoccupy so successful or so dangerous an advocate; for if he

failed in inducing a jury to sympathize with his client, he at all events left a picture of his adversary behind him which survived and embittered the advantages of victory. Nor was his eloquence his only weapon; at cross-examination, the most difficult and by far the most hazardous part of a part of a barrister's profession, he was quite inimitable. There was no plan which he did not detect, no web which he did not disentangle; and the unfortunate wretch, who commenced with all the confidence of preconcerted perjury, never failed to retreat before him in all the confusion of exposure. Indeed, it was almost impossible for the guilty to offer a successful resistance. He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness; he would affect earnestness upon trifles, and levity upon subjects of the most serious import, until at length he succeeded in creating a security that was fatal, or a dullness that produced all the consequences of prevarication. No matter how unfair the topic, he never failed to avail himself of it; acting upon the principle that, in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the no matter how excited ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny* he once began, "Halfpenny, I see you're a rap, and for that reason, you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is sterling," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he; "he's exactly like his own conscience—only *copper washed*." This phrase alluded to an expression previously used on the trial.

Appropriately will follow this, a specimen of

CURRAN'S ORATORY.

Upon what are you to found your verdict? Upon your oaths. And what are they to be founded upon? Upon the oath of the witness. And what is that founded upon? Upon this, and this only, that he does believe there is an eternal God—an intelligent Supreme Existence—capable of inflicting eternal punishment for offences, or conferring eternal compensation upon man, after he has passed the boundary of the grave. But where the witness believes that he is possessed of a perishing soul, and that there is nothing upon which punishment or reward can be exerted, he proceeds, regardless of the number of his offences, and undisturbed by the terrors of excited fancy, which might save you from the fear that your verdict is founded upon perjury. Suppose he imagine that the body is actuated by some kind of animal machinery—I know not in what language to describe his notions—suppose his opinion of the beautiful system framed by the Almighty hand to be, that it is all folly and blindness, compared to the manner in which he considers himself to have been created, or his abominable heart conceives his ideas, or his abominable tongue communicates his notions; suppose him, I say, to think so, what is perjury to him? He needs no creed, if he thinks his miserable body can take eternal refuge in the grave, and the last puff of his nostrils sends his soul into annihilation! He laughs at the idea of eternal justice, and tells you that the grave, into which he sinks as a log, forms an intrenchment against the throne of God, and the vengeance of exasperated justice!

Do you not feel, my fellow-countrymen, a sort of anticipated consolation in reflecting upon the religion which gave us comfort in our early days, enabled us to sustain the stroke of affliction, and endeared us to one another; and when we see our friends sinking into the earth, fills us with the expectation that we rise again—that we but sleep for a while to wake for ever? But what kind of communication can you hold, what interchange expect, what confidence place, in that abject slave—that condemned, despaired of wretch, who acts under the idea that he is only the folly of a moment, that he cannot step beyond the threshold of the grave? That which is an object of terror to the best, and of hope to the confiding, is to him contempt or despair.

Bear with me; I feel my heart running away with me: the worst men only can be cool. What is the law of this country? If the witness does not believe in God, or in a future state, you cannot swear him. What swear him upon? Is it upon the book or the leaf? You might as well swear him by a bramble or a coin. The ceremony of kissing is only the external symbol by which man seals himself to the precept, and says, "May God so help me as I swear the truth!" He is then attached to the Divinity on condition of telling truth; and he expects mercy from Heaven as he performs his undertaking. But the infidel, by what can you catch his soul? Or by what can you hold it? You repulse him from giving evidence, for he has no conscience, no hope to cheer him, nor punishment to dread.

We subjoin Mr. PHILLIPS' account of an

incident much talked of, but the facts of which are only imperfectly known:

O'CONNELL'S DUEL.

On the occasion in question, he showed a total absence of what is vulgarly called fear; indeed, his frigid determination was remarkable. Let those who read the following anecdote remember that he most reluctantly engaged in the combat, that he was then the father of seven children; and that it was an alternative of life or death with him, D'Esterre being reputed an unerring marksman. Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell, he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. "Phillips," said he, "this seems to me not a personal but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretence to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark; having, as a public man, considered it my duty to prepare, for my own protection, against such unprovoked aggression as the present. Now, remember what I say to you. I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but if I am not, my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict." The parties were then very soon placed on the ground, at, I think, twelve paces distance; each having a case of pistols with directions to fire when they chose, after a given signal. D'Esterre rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countrymen, and took his ground somewhat theatrically, crossing his pistols upon his bosom. They fired almost together, and instantly on the signal. D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded. There was the greatest self-possession displayed by both.

And a few miscellaneous anecdotes:

CHIEF JUSTICE BUSHE.

A relative of Bushe's, not remarkable for his Hindoo ablutions, once applied to him for a remedy for a sore throat. "Why," said Bushe gravely, "fill a pail with water as warm as you can bear it, till it reaches up to your knees; then take a pint of oatmeal, and scrub your legs with it for a quarter of an hour." "Why hang it! man," interrupted the other, "this is nothing more than *washing one's feet*." "Certainly, my dear John," said he, "I do admit it is open to that objection."

We conclude with some of

CURRAN'S BON MOTS.

Having one day a violent argument with a country schoolmaster on some classical subject, the pedagogue, who had the worst of it, said in a towering passion, that he would lose no more time, and must go back to his scholars—"Do, my dear Doctor," said Curran, "but *don't indorse my sins upon their backs*."

Curran was told that a very stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent, with a shirt and a guinea—"He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

A very stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill? "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a *true* one, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it."

Examining a country squire who disputed a collier's bill—"Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?" "He did, sir, but,"—"But what?—on your oath wasn't your payment *slack*?"

It was thus that in some way or other he contrived to throw the witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lord, my lord! vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—My lord, my lord! I can't answer you little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a doldrum*." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "O! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description: it's merely a *confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart*."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Cape and the Kaffirs; a Diary of Five Years' Residence in Kaffirland, &c. By HARRIET WARD. Third Edition. Bohn.

THE unfortunate events at the Cape have invested the subject of this book with a new interest, and Mr. BOHN has, therefore, with his usual judgment, reprinted it in his cheap series. It contains by far the most complete account of Kaffirland that has yet been given to the public.

FICTION.

Winter Nights. By CALDER CAMPBELL. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

THOSE readers who have followed Major CAMPBELL through his poetical volumes, or have traced his hand in magazines, will readily understand that he has by him—only awaiting his bidding to take form and substance—a fund of matter available in the shape of tales, sketches, or historiettes. These materials are derived in great part from his own invention, and mould themselves attractively under his easy and versatile pen; but, when we take into account his personal experiences in distant lands, and consider his extensive familiarity with the light literature of our own and other days, we shall see that his qualifications as tale-master are of no common kind.

It is in this character that we meet Major CAMPBELL in the volumes before us. The tales which compose them are of many ages and nations, often legendary or anecdotal, often relying for their chief interest on recollections of scene and fact; often, again, simply fiction or paraphrase. With this variety, fastidious must be the romance-reader who cannot suit himself out of *Winter Nights*—whether in winter nights or summer days. The several tales are not left, however, entirely to their own devices, to introduce themselves and take themselves off on their sole responsibility. A consecutive interest is kept up by the frame-work of the book, where the author speaks in his own person, and of his own home in the north, and we mingle in his family circle, with the old Scotch minister, his father, Cousin SOPHY, the high-minded GORDON, and the favourite GRACE. These quiet characteristic home-scenes supply some of the most pleasant passages of the volume. Indeed, there will ever be a peculiar charm in such personal confidences, provided the reader can but feel an interest for the author—no difficult matter in the present case. In the tales we sometimes wish for a little more fire; but their frequent attractiveness of subject is throughout set forth in a flowing and practised style of narrative.

There is no mistaking the subjoined piece of Indian scenery for other than a personal reminiscence. Its particularity and localism stamp it at once:

Our Eastern land is a gorgeous one, but it is a *picture land*. It better suits the portfolio of an artist—the "tessellated pages of an album," than the personal contest of hand and foot, or constitution. It is fair to look upon, but let us see it in a diorama. It has all the capabilities of producing a superb and showy painting, or series of paintings; but it will not do to tread those sunny tracts, to wander among those glittering scenes, that look so well on canvases. The sunbeams that impart life to the picture give death or delirium to the traveller who dares their influence; and those grotesque groups of trees and depths of jungle—bright with flowers and birds, whose very plumage seems a flower-bed—afford shelter to beasts of prey, and reptiles, whose venom is as powerful and deadly as their colours are beautiful.

There are squirrels sporting before my door. I love those graceful little creatures, so wild, so boldly shy, so untameably regardless of the endearments of man! *Parroquets*, with green feathers and roseate bills, are fluttering noisily among the cocoa-trees, with a mad sort of romphishness allied to intoxication. They are delighted, no doubt, with the sudden shower which has so refreshingly cooled the air; or, perhaps, they have been banqueting on the seeds of the cotton-plant; which, if Pomet, a botanist of other years, is to be credited, "*fuddle the parroquets*."

The oleander scents and beautifies the little garden plot before me, and the wild plants, that spring profusely around, are full of beauty. Would that I were enough of a botanist to describe them! But there, in the hedge, is the singular tree of the Three Dresses! First it cometh forth like a fairy, all in a garb of green, covered from top to toe, with a leafy robe of that loveliest colour—presently, ere many weeks have passed, it suddenly droppeth its emerald raiment, and all leafless and barren, appeareth in deep mourning, a black and funereal thing; by-and-bye, however, buds of unseen flowers deck the squalid branches, and lo! all at once, in one night, arrayed in a stole of scarlet glory, our cardinal of trees—a vegetable Proteus—blazes forth

upon the sight a tree of harmless lightning! It has just assumed its third costume, and that hedge looks, in the distance, like an avenue of fire. There is not a green leaf, nor brown bud, to vary the crimson splendour of its pride, for every capsule has burst forth into a blossom of unexampled brilliancy. This tree is the *Butea frondosa*.

Yonder, in the corner, near the margin of the neglected bowry (reader, bowry is not a little bower, but a large well), are the apples of the racy tonata. Beside them, in dangerous proximity, droop the superb corollæ of the deadly stramonium—so nearly neighboured are the useful and the hurtful, in this world! Here, close to the veranda, is another poisonous plant of extreme beauty; it is thorny, its leaves resembling those of a thistle—but they are of a delicate sea-green, and each stalk is surmounted by a flower, which is a perfect gem of elegance. It is of bright yellow, looking like a golden chalice; has six petals surrounding many stamens and pistils, for the plant is polyandrous; while a pyramidal germen is crowned by a ruby-coloured stigma. It is the *Argemone Mexicana*, and it is said that the Bheels and wild sects of our Northern Circars poison their kreeses and arrows with a preparation from its viscid juice. In spite of its winning beauty, the weed exhales a fetid odour, indicative of its hurtful propensities.

Two of PETAL's tales are introduced, with both of which he manages to make the RAJA break silence and the spell together. Indeed, "the goblin repeats story after story, to the utter confusion of the RAJA's sense of memory, until at length he is discomfited, and VIKREM bears him in triumph to the Gosäen."

We cannot close without one word of remonstrance to the publisher, for the author's sake, for his readers', and our's in especial—and, finally, for his own. The book is printed with a slovenliness—to the ignoring of grammar, spelling, and appearance, and even to actual truncation at the end in the middle of a word—such as we have not witnessed this long while. The annoyance which any author must feel at being sent before his public in so mangled a condition of *dissecta membra* may matter little to Mr. NEWBY: but the drawback which it cannot but cause to the reader's pleasure might possibly, in its results, touch him more nearly.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life. By his Brother. In 2 vols. London: Moxon.

We have already reviewed the *Life of Hartley Coleridge*; we now turn to his poetry.

It has been said that a man's writings are a revelation of himself. This can be but a partial truth, or whence the frequent spectacle of actions so unlike the sentiments uttered in prose or rhyme? It cannot be that the difference so often visible between the precept and the practice is pure hypocrisy. Wherefore is it, then, that the life is not always an illustration of the writings, but that, as in HARTLEY COLERIDGE, we find the conduct belying the profession, the deed contradicting the preacher, the man putting to shame the poet.

Because we write as the reason and the heart dictate, and we act according to the impulses of our passions. For the most part we do wrong, not because we are ignorant of the right, but because we want the power to place the feelings and the desires under the command of the reason, and so to resist the temptation of passions and appetites, of whose evil we are conscious even while we indulge them. Hence it is, that rightly to know a man, we must learn what he is when his passions are asleep, and his emotions and reason bear sway, as well as when he is acting under the influence of excited passion and appetite. It is probable that if we could do this, we should form a more charitable judgment than we are wont to form of the characters of our fellow men. Unfortunately we see their actions, but seldom have we the means of reading their hearts. Where such an insight is afforded, we are often astonished to find how different is the fact from our imperfect judgment of it. HARTLEY

COLERIDGE is a remarkable instance of the truth of this suggestion. We have seen what he was in action; if we had known nothing more of him than his weaknesses and failings, what would have been the universal judgment passed upon him? But, fortunately for his own fame, he was a writer, and in his writings he has revealed that better part of himself which is usually hidden from the eyes of others, and thence we learn that his faults and follies were only blots upon a character substantially sound and brilliant; partial deformities of a noble nature. His poetry contains the utterances of that nature, when the storms of passion had passed away and he breathed his convictions and his emotions in strains which will live and be loved long after the errors with which they were associated have been forgiven and forgotten.

For HARTLEY COLERIDGE was a true poet. The mantle of his father's genius had descended upon him. We have been surprised, in perusing these two volumes, to find them so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the elder COLERIDGE in its best age, before it also was darkened and defaced by self-indulgences. Had he been temperate, he might have lived for many years to have delighted and improved the world with the utterance of his genius. Had he been industrious, also, he would have advanced that genius to the topmost height, for improvement is the result of the cultivation of genius, equally as of all other productions of this world, where labour is the condition of success. There is no mistaking the presence of genius anywhere, although the definition of it has baffled the efforts of philosophers and critics: it is, indeed, a shapeless something whose presence we *feel*, as we perceive that of a perfume, but whose form we cannot see; and, as we should say of the scent of a rose, that it is something pleasing to the sense of smell, so we must say of genius, that it is something pleasing to the sense of beauty.

And poetry of more sterling merit we have not, for many a year, had occasion to introduce to our readers. Such, indeed, has been the dearth of poetry of late, that during the eight years we have been engaged in recording the progress of intellect in these islands, it has not been our pleasant duty to review as many volumes of poetry, either in themselves likely to outlive the date of their publication, or having the promise of an excellent future. We have not shared with many of our contemporaries the belief that the age of poetry has passed away, and that the world has become altogether prosaic and utilitarian; because, it is our faith that genius is God's gift, and that it will arise in unexpected places and in due season, and that when it comes it will command attention, and create its own subjects and its own audience; but we had almost doubted whether it was the destiny of our own time to behold another poet, or if we should live to welcome him. These relics of HARTLEY COLERIDGE prove that here, at least, was the germ of a poet, nipped before it had fully expanded, but enough developed to show the riches that were within, and to teach us how much has been lost to the world, and to redouble the lamentation for the follies that were the source of such great misery to their victim, and of so sad a loss to his fellow-creatures.

In proof of what he did, and what he might have done, we now proceed to adduce some passages selected from the long list which we had noted in these volumes.

How exquisitely delicate is this SONNET.

Whither—Oh—whither, in the wandering air,
Fly the sweet notes that 'twixt the soul and sense
Make blest communion? When and where commence
The self-unfolding sounds, that every where
Expand through silence? seems that never were
A point and instant of that sound's beginning.
A time when it was not as sweet and winning,
As now it melts amid the soft and rare,
And love-sick ether? Gone it is—that tone
It hath pass'd for ever from the middle earth,
Yet not to perish is the music flown—
Ah no—it hastens to a better birth—
Then joy be with it—where'er it be,
To us it leaves a pleasant memory.

Here is a lyric embodying the spirit of the old masters:

SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Very finely expressed, too, are these:

DEATH-BED REFLECTIONS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not that my hand could make of stubborn stone
Whate'er of Gods the shaping thought conceives;
Not that my skill by pictured lines hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes;
Not that my art, by blended light and shade
Express'd the world as it was newly made;
Not that my verse profoundest truth could teach,
In the soft accents of the lover's speech;
Not that I rear'd a temple for mankind,
To meet and pray in, borne by every wind—
Affords me peace—I count my gain but loss,
For that vast love, that hangs upon the Cross.

Now for another Sonnet, a perfect specimen of that difficult composition:

I would, my friend, indeed, thou hadst been here
Last night, beneath the shadowy sycamore,
To hear the lines, to me well known before,
Enbalm'd in music so translucent clear.
Each word of thine came singly to the ear,
Yet all was blended in a flowing stream.
It had the rich repose of summer dream,
The light distinct of frosty atmosphere.
Still have I loved thy verse, yet never knew
How sweet it was, till woman's voice invested
The pencil'd outline with the living hue,
And every note of feeling proved and tested.
What might old Pindar be, if once again
The harp and voice were trembling with his strain.

There is originality of thought in these lines,

ON AN INFANT'S HAND.

What is an infant but a germ,
Prophetic of a distant term?
Whose present claim of love consists
In that great power that Nature twists
With the fine thread of imbecility,
Motion of infinite tranquillity.
Joy that is not for this or that,
Nor like the restless joy of gnats,
Or insect in the beam so rife,
Whose day of pleasure is its life;
But joy that by its quiet being
Is witness of a law foreseeing
All joy and sorrow that may hap
To the wee sleeper in the mother's lap.
Such joy, I ween, is ever creeping
On every nerve of baby sleeping;
But, baby waking, longest lingers
In tiny hand and tiny fingers,
[Like lamp beside sepulchral urn,
Much teaching that it ne'er did learn,
Revealing by felicity,
Foretelling by simplicity,
And preaching by its sudden cries,
Alone with God the baby lies.]
How hard it holds!—how tight the clasp!
Ah, how intense the infant grasp!
Electric from the ruling brains
The will descends and stirs and strains
That wondrous instrument, the hand,
By which we learn to understand,
How fair, how small, how white and pure,
Its own most perfect miniature.
The baby-hand that is so wee,
And yet is all it is to be;
Unweeting what it has to do,
Yet to its destined purpose true.
The fingers four, of varied length,
That join or vie their little strength;
The pigmy thumb, the onyx nail,
The violet vein so blue and pale;
The branchy lines where (gipsy eld
Had all the course of life beheld;
All, to its little finger's tip,
Of Nature's choicest workmanship.
Their task, their fate, we hardly guess,—
But, oh, may it be happiness!
Not always leisure, always play,
But worky-day and holy-day;
With holy Sabbath interspersed,
And not the bus'iest day the worst.
Not doomed, with needle or with pen,
To drudge for o'er exacting men,
Nor any way to toil for lucre
At frown of be or she rebuker;
But still affectionate and free
Their never weary housewifery.
Blest lot be thine, my nestling dove,
Never to work except in love;
And God protect thy little hand
From task imposed by unbelov'd command!

Probably himself was in his contemplations when he wrote the following beautiful

SONNET.

There was a seed which the impassive wind,
Now high, now low, now piping loud, now mute,
Or, like the last note of a trembling lute,
The loved abortion of a thing design'd,
Or half-said prayer for good of human-kind,
Wafted along for ever, ever, ever.
It sought to plant itself; but never, never,
Could that poor seed or soil or water find.
And yet it was a seed which, had it found,
By river's brink or rocky mountain cleft,
A kindly shelter and a genial ground,
Might not have perish'd, quite of good bereft;
Might have some perfume, some faint echo left,
Faint as the echo of the Sabbath sound.

The next is in a different verse, and will remind the reader of some of the most delightful of the compositions of WORDSWORTH:

WRITTEN AT BELLE-VUE, AMBLESIDE.

Still is it there, the same soft quiet scene,
Which, whether sodden with importunate rain,
Or sprinkled with the yellow sun, that pours
Columnal brightness through the fissured clouds
Of autumn eve, or, e'en as now display'd,
In the full brightness of the argent moon,
Is yet the same, the same beloved scene,
Which neither time nor change shall wipe away
From the capacious memory of the soul.
Oh blessed faculty of inward sight,
Safe from disease and mortal accident
As love itself, recur from dull caprice
Of prohibition! Blind Meonides,
That, wandering by the myriad-sounding sea,
Saw not his footsteps on the passive beach,
Nor saw, alas! the many beauteous eyes
That gleam'd with gladness at his potent song,
Had yet a world of beauty—verdant hills,
Bright with the infinite motion of their leaves;
Close-vested towers in olive-groves embower'd,
Whence the gold-clinctured dove for ever coo'd,
Wide-laughing ocean, rich with southern gleam
Purpureal, jewell'd with a hundred isles,
Or roused indignant from its slumberous depths
To smite the long-presumptuous rampart, piled
Without a prayer;—Achilles vast, reclined,
Listening afar the tumults of the field;
Sweet Helen, sad amidst her loveliness,
Taming her once glad motions to the halt
Of Priam, leaning on her rounded arm;—
Pelides, glittering like an evil star;—
Or love-struck Hecuba, when first she wept
O'er the new-ransom'd carcase of her best,
Her fate-devoted Hector.

So, if He

Who in his judgments is for ever good,
Should make the brightest noon a night to me,
Yet will those fields, those lowly heaving hills,
That roving river, that pure inland lake,
And those neat dwellings that assure my heart
That not alone I love and linger here,
Abide the heir-looms of my inner life,
As sweet, as vivid to my happier dreams,
As when through tears I saw her snatch'd away.

Some of his religious poems are very beautiful. Here is one—

THE WORD OF GOD.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present world no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
And hath our heavenly Sire departed quite,
And left His poor babes in this world alone,
And only left for blind belief—not sight—
Some quaint old riddles in a tongue unknown?
Oh! think it not, sweet maid! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises;
In every moment dwells the Righteous,
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.
The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.
Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

From a series of Sonnets, on the months, we select two or three:

MAY.

A lovely morn, so still, so very still,
It hardly seems a growing day of Spring,
Though all the odorous buds are blossoming,
And the small matin birds were glad and shrill
Some hours ago; but now the woodland rill
Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,
Save when the wee wren flits with stealthy wing,
And cons by fits and bits her evening trill.
Lovers might sit on such a morn as this
An hour together, looking at the sky,
Nor dare to break the silence with a kiss,
Long listening for the signal of a sigh;
And the sweet Nunn, diffused in voiceless prayer,
Feel her own soul through all the brooding air.

SEPTEMBER.

The dark green Summer, with its massive hues,
Fades into Autumn's tincture manifold.
A gorgeous garniture of fire and gold
The high slope of the ferny hill induces.
The mists of morn in slumbering layers diffuse
O'er glimmering rock, smooth lake, and spiked array
Of hedge-row thorns, a unity of grey.
All things appear their tangible form to lose

In ghostly vastness. But anon the gloom
Melts, as the Sun puts off his muddy veil;
And now the birds their twittering songs resume,
All Summer silent in the leafy dale.
In Spring they piped of love on every tree,
But now they sing the song of memory.

DECEMBER.

The poor old year upon its deathbed lies;
Old trees lift up their branches manifold,
Spiry and stern, inveterately old;
Their bare and patient poverty defies
The fickle humour of inconstant skies.
All chill and distant, the great monarch Sun
Beholds the last days of his minion.
What is't to him how soon the old year dies?
Yet some things are, but lowly things and small,
That wait upon the old year to the last;
Some wee birds pipe a feeble madrigal,
Thrilling kind memories of the summer past;
Some duteous flowers put on their best array
To do meet honour to their lord's decay.

Pretty and playful is this address to

THE GENTIANELLA.

Pretty stranger in our gardens,
We should beg thee thousand pardons,
Long forgotten, far too long,
Never mention'd yet in song.
Strange it is, that never ditty
Ever told thee thou wert pretty:
Rondo none, nor ritornella,
Praises thee, my Gentianella.
Very well I know thee, why
Thou art not like the cloudless sky,
Nor like the virgin's melting eye.
Poets seek in fields and trees
Quaint conceits and similes;
But thine azure is thine own.—
Nothing like it have I known:
Seems it not of no upper earth:
Surely it must have its birth
In the darkness far below,
Where the dark-eyed sapphires grow?
Lovely votary of the sun,
Never wishing to be won
By a vain and mortal lover,
Shrinking closely into cover
When thy true love hath departed,
Patient, pure, and simple-hearted.
Like an exile doom'd to roam,
Not in foreign land at home,—
I will call thy azure hue
Brightest, firmest, truest blue.

We conclude, very reluctantly, with a remarkable poem entitled,

A MEDLEY.

Shall I sing of little rills,
That trickle down the yellow hills,
To drive the Fairies' water mills?
Rills, upon whose pebbly brink,
Mountain birds may hop and drink—
Perching with a neck awry—
Darting upwards to the sky—
The artless cunning of their eye—
Then away, away, away—
Up to the clouds that look so grey—
Away, away, in the clear blue heaven,
Far o'er the thin mist that beneath is driven—
Now they sink, and now they soar,
Now poised upon the plummy oar—
Do they seek—at brightest noon,
For the light inviolate moon?
Climbing upwards where they know
Where the stars at morning go?
If I err not—no—no—no—
Soar they high, or skim they low,
Every little bird has still
His heart beside the mountain rill.

What if we have lost the creed,
Which thought the brook a God indeed?
Or a flood of passionate tears,
Inexhaustible by years?
Or imagined, in the lymph,
The semblance of a virgin nymph,
With punting terror, flying ever,
From bairy Satyr's foul endeavour?
Hence! phantoms of a blinded age,
That dream'd of nought but lust and rage,
The echo of a Sabbath bell
Is sweeter in the lonely dell,
Than the quaint fable of the wood-god's lay,
That only warbled to betray.

Ah—never, never may the thought be mine,
Though sung by poets old in song divine,
Which deem'd the pure and undisturbed sky,
The palace of a tyrant deity—
Which in the thunder, heard a voice of anger,
And ruthless vengeance in the storm's loud clangour,
Which found in every whisper of the woods,
In every moaning of the voiceful floods,
A long record of perishable languish,
Immortal echo of a mortal anguish.
Nay—mine be still,
The happy, happy faith—
That in deep silence hymning saith—
That every little rill,
And every small bird, tripping joyfully—
Tells a sweet tale of hope, and love, and peace,
Bidding to cease
The heart's sharp pangs, aye throbbing woefully.

Or shall I sing of happy hours,
Number'd by opening and by closing flowers?
Of smiles, and sighs that give no pain,
And seem as they were heaved in rain—
Softly heard in leafy bowers,
Blent with the whisper of the vine,
The half-blush of the eglantine,
And the pure sweetness of the jessamine:
What is it those sighs confess?
Idle are they, as I guess,
And yet they tell, all is not well:—

There is a secret, dim, demurring,
There is a restless spirit stirring,—
Joy itself, the heart o'erloading,
Hath a sense of sad foreboding.

Then away to the meadows, where April's swift shadows
Glide soft o'er the vernal bright patches of green,
Like waves on the ocean, the wheat blades in motion,
Look blither, and brighter, where sunbeams have been;

So little, little joys on earth,
Passing gleams of restless mirth—
Momentary fits of laughter
Still bequeath a blessing after—
Flitting by on angel wing—
And like voices perishing;
At the instant of their birth,
Never, never, count their worth,
By the time of their enduring—
They are garner in a dearth,
Pleasant thoughts for age securing—
Rich deposits, firm ensuring,
Bliss, if bliss below may be,
And a joy for memory.

Such themes I sang—and such I fain would sing,
Oft as the green buds shew the summer near—
But what availeth me to welcome spring,
When one dull winter is my total year.

When the pure snow-drops couch beneath the snow,
And storms long tarrying, come too soon at last,
I see the semblance of my private woe,
And tell it to the dilatory blast.

Yet will I hail the sunbeam as it flies—
And bid the universal world be glad—
With my brief joy all souls shall sympathise—
And only I, will all alone be sad.

After such extracts it is scarcely necessary to recommend these volumes to the regards of all lovers of poetry and admirers of genius.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Fairy Godmother, and other Tales. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. London: Bell.

AMONG the multiplicity of works which are daily making their appearance to instruct the heads of the rising generation, it is a pleasure to think that many also have the still more important object in view of improving their hearts; and it is with much satisfaction that we recommend to our young friends the attractive little volume which Mrs. GATTY has so kindly compiled for their amusement. The dedication, "To my Children," must prove a guarantee of its value, for who can so well instil good principles in a happy form as a mother. We hope that, having taken into her service our old and somewhat neglected friends the fairies, who, in this modern utilitarian age, have, we think, been too much banished from their once favoured position as visitants of our nurseries, this pleasing little volume will not be less acceptable, believing, as we do, that kind and good fairies are very amiable, useful sort of beings in their way.

Even now, in our old age, we have not forgotten the delight with which we listened to the genuine fairy tale of by-gone times, with which a kind and judicious parent entertained our happy, wondering, childish hours; therefore, we hail with satisfaction the re-appearance of our old acquaintance, especially, their errand being to inculcate sentiments and actions such as are contained in this unpretending little volume. And, though we have met with works possessing more of the fanciful and imaginative, still our fair authoress has so naturally adapted her language to the class of readers for whom these tales are intended, that criticism is disarmed, and we can most strongly recommend *The Fairy Godmother* to the notice of all who are in search of a book that they may with perfect safety put into their children's hands. We must not close our notice of this work without drawing attention to the elegant frontispiece with which it is adorned—the design, as the writer informs us, of her highly gifted friend Miss LUCETTE BARKER.

Advice on the Management of Children in Early Infancy. By THOMAS BARRETT, M.R.C.S. Bath: Binns and Co.

CONSIDERING the ample experience the world has had and continues to accumulate on this subject, it is wonderful how little progress has been made in substantial knowledge as to the best modes of managing infancy. In truth, there are few subjects on which there is such profound and wide-spread ignorance. Thanks, then, to a medical man who condescends, like Mr. BARRETT, to address to mothers and nurses some plain sensible instructions, in intelligible language, not only to tell them what is positively wrong in the popular practice of babyism, but what should be done in order to rear an infant not safely only, but healthily. We heartily commend this little book to every nursery, and we advise fathers not only to peruse it, but to see that its hints be followed.

The Parent's Great Commission: or, Essays on Subjects connected with the Higher Part of Education. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co.

A SECOND edition relieves us from the duty of criticism, for a book which has received this emphatic testimony of public approval is beyond the jurisdiction of the literary journalist, whose business it is to keep watch over new claimants upon the patronage of readers, who require to be informed of the general character, manner, and worth of a book before they can venture to order it. But a second edition speaks for itself, and we have only to announce its appearance as a fact, and an interesting one, in the literary history of the time.

And we are not surprised that this little volume should have attained the honour, for it is beautifully written, full of good sense and good feeling. The author dwells in successive chapters on the responsibility of parents, on family happiness and union, showing the advantages that result from the maintenance of parental authority, and describing the character of parental rule. Parental sympathy is depicted with singular eloquence. There is a discriminating chapter on the use of praise and dispraise, and the work concludes with an elaborate essay on the formation of character, which abounds in truest wisdom. The author, who is a clergyman, has imbued the entire discourse with the spirit of Christian piety, and he takes great pains to show how this may be best cultivated.

Louis' School Days; a Story for Boys. By E. T. MAY. London: Hall and Co.

THE history of a school-boy appeals directly to the sympathies of boys, and if it be written in the right spirit by one who can recast his own youth, describe its feelings, revive its joys and sorrows, and speak its language, there is nothing in literature more attractive. Is not "Barring Out" immortal in the memory? The present is just such a book; the story is of absorbing interest, because young readers will see in it the reflection of their own experiences, and it abounds in useful information and good practical advice, which is judiciously infused rather than ostentatiously preached, and therefore glides insensibly into the mind, and remains there: and it is that best of teaching, by example more than by precept.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wilton and its Associations. By JAMES SMITH, Author of "Rural Records," &c. Salisbury: Brown.

TOPOGRAPHERS are a very useful class of labourers in the field of knowledge. True it is that a volume of local history, as a whole, possesses little interest for the reader unconnected with the locality; but to natives, inhabitants, and often to visitors, such works are extremely attractive, and are sure of a cordial welcome and extensive patronage, while they form permanent records, in which are preserved many memorials of the past, of great value to historians, and which, but for them, would probably have perished and been forgotten. Wilton, in the immediate vicinity of Salisbury, is a locality of sufficient fame for its ecclesiastical reliques and more modern architecture, to justify the dedication of a whole volume to its history and topography, and Mr. SMITH, having undertaken the task of collection and composition, has performed it with true antiquarian zeal, and with more than an antiquarian's skill in authorcraft. This little book will be read eagerly by all who have associations with the spot to which it is devoted, and by all who take an interest in the revival of ecclesiastical architecture; and it will occupy a permanent place in all the collections of topography with which this country abounds.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. XII. London: Knight.

MR. KNIGHT has performed a miracle: he has completed an Encyclopædia within the limits announced at the commencement. Here, in twelve volumes, is a Dictionary of Human Knowledge, the entire cost of which is little more than that of a single volume of the older Cyclopædias, the articles by the ablest writers of the day, profusely embellished with illustrative woodcuts, and corrected to the present state of information on all subjects. Thus is an indispensable book of reference brought within the reach of persons of moderate means. This is the truest specimen of the diffusion of useful knowledge which even these days of cheap literature have beheld.

THE PAMPHLETEER.

AGAIN there is an accumulation upon our table of pamphlets—religious, political, and miscellaneous. We

give them the same passing notice as is our custom. We begin with those upon RELIGIOUS topics; and the remarkable feature of this parcel is the absence of discourses on Papal Aggression. The Rev. H. B. WILSON, D.D., Rector of St. Mary, Aldermay, has addressed *A Word of Counsel to Persons professing the Jewish Religion within the British Empire*, in which he endeavours to convince them, that they ought not to ask to be admitted to the offices and honours of the State; that their pride should induce them to refuse the boon even if it were within their reach, because they are not Englishmen, and they should be above desiring to be treated as Englishmen. Such advice, we fear, however honest, is not likely to be taken. It certainly shows extraordinary simplicity on the part of Dr. WILSON. The Rev. J. P. GURNEY, Vicar of Great Canfield, in Essex, is the author of a little pamphlet, entitled *The Woman and the Dragon; or, the Conflict between Christianity and Paganism*. It is an exposition of the 12th chapter of the Book of Revelation. The substance of his conclusions is thus stated: "The fulfilment of this allegorical statement we find in the disappearance of Paganism from the Empire in its old form, to appear again in the idolatry of the Church of Rome, which is but Paganism in another and new form, and which is fully described in the next (xii.) chapter." From the same pen we have another essay, called *The Death and Resurrection of the Two Witnesses*, an explanation of Revelation, chap. xi., v. 3, 4, sustained with equal ingenuity; he contends that the event there prophesied took place at the French Revolution in 1793. A short treatise on *The Doctrine and Description of the Greek Church*, is a supplement to a larger work on the same subject, which we reviewed some two or three years since. It will, perhaps, be remembered that the object of the author is to restore, if possible, unity to the Christian Church. In pursuance of this philanthropic design, he has investigated, with great labour, the precise principles and practices of the three great branches of the Christian Church, in order that, by seeing in what they agree, and in what they differ, the points for mutual concessions may be ascertained. The present pages are an addition to the former description of the Greek Church, and the information contained in them is curious and valuable. From the Rev. M. W. FOYE, M.A., Vicar of Wimbish, we have received an essay on the *Antiquity and Anti-Romanism of the Early English Church*, in which he proves most successfully, by authority and by argument, the early apostolic origin and foundation of the Anglican Church,—tracing her history from her foundation downwards, showing how she maintained her independence, not only of foreign control, but even of foreign connection, throughout the first seven centuries of the Christian era. He adduces her protest against, and resistance to, the aggressions and encroachments of the Papacy in the 7th century, and shows by what arts the Roman intruders in Kent at length brought her into connection with, though not even then in obedience to, the See of Rome. It is a very learned, able, and powerful pamphlet, and should be read by those, if any there be, who question the apostolic origin of our church. *A Letter to the Rev. C. B. Elliott, A.M.*, by the Rev. R. GASCOYNE, A.M., contends that the Exposition of the Seven Seals, in the *Horæ Apocalypticæ* of the former, is without any solid foundation. Of course it would be impossible, within our limits, to give any account of such an argument, even if it were within our province, and therefore we can only place the publication upon record, and recommend its perusal by those who feel an interest in the controversy.

We now turn to some POLITICAL PAMPHLETS. *The Speech of Sir Robert Peel on Papal Aggression* has been published by Mr. Westerton. Mr. HENRY THRING has printed, under the patronage of the Colonial Reform Society, an essay, entitled *The Supremacy of Great Britain not inconsistent with Self-government for the Colonies*. His argument is elaborate, learned, and convincing to the mind, as an argument, but, like many other arguments, it is impossible not to feel that it proceeds upon certain assumptions of virtue, wisdom, and disinterestedness on the part of those to whom the principles are proposed to be applied, which may not be found to exist in fact, and then the whole fabric falls to the ground. If parties and individuals would refrain from self-seeking and look only to the general good, it might be safe to give self-government to the colonies: but, until experience has proved that liberty will not be abused, prudence counsels that we should proceed by steps, relaxing the bonds deliberately, one by one, and trying the experiment fairly with some before we apply it to all. Nevertheless, it is very desirable that the question should be fully discussed, and so thoughtful a contribution to it as that of Mr. THRING will be read with respect and profit.

We have received four pamphlets on the much debated question of the African squadron, all defending it against its numerous and vigorous assailants. Mr. J. S. MANSFIELD argues that it is not so costly as the public suppose, and that it is efficient for its purpose. AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY adopts the same views, but his figures and facts prove no more than that it has not been a total failure. He passes over very tenderly the most important circumstance, that we have really increased the sufferings of the slaves by our well-intended interference. The accumulated horrors of the middle passage are, to our mind, strong testimony.

Will men never learn that, if they are unable to suppress a wrong altogether, the next best thing is to put it under regulation and restraint, so as to diminish the mischief as much as possible. *The Extracts from the Evidence of the Committee of both Houses of Parliament*, although selected with a view to make out a case, yet suffice to this conclusion, that the squadron is a failure for its professed object, and that the end would be better attained by friendly negotiation with Brazil, to regulate a trade it cannot suppress, by converting a slave-trade into immigration. If this were done the negroes might be protected and benefited, and humanity would make an immense conquest. As it is, we only aggravate the mischief we desire to suppress.

A bulky pamphlet, published by RIDGWAY, with no author's name upon the title-page, treats of a subject just now having unusual interest. It is entitled, *Cape of Good Hope Government and Legislation considered*. It appears to be mainly a collection of extracts from a newspaper entitled, "The Cape Monitor." It sides with the Government upon the convict question, maintaining that the introduction of such a class of convicts as that proposed would have been a boon to the inhabitants. It is also asserted that the opposition was not an honest one, that the convicts were only the excuse for a democratic movement, the true object of which was severance and independence: that the more respectable inhabitants were almost unanimously with the government, but were terrified from expressing their opinions by the terrorism practised by the anarchic party, and that there has been a great change of views since that time, especially as the real purposes of the demagogues came to be developed. This pamphlet is a valuable contribution of facts to a question of which we have not yet seen the end.

Mr. G. P. WHITE, Civil Engineer, has given to the world *Three Suggestions for the Investment of Capital*. These are, Reclamation of Waste Land, Railways, and Fisheries. The former is proceeding as fast as it is found profitable to inclose; the second has certainly not lacked experiment, with what results, let the holders of railway shares pronounce; the third is more promising: there appears to be a boundless field for exertion in the products of our coasts, which costs us nothing but the capture; but, somehow, the endeavour to conduct a fishery on a large scale, and systematically, have always proved a failure. It remains to be seen whether a great joint-stock company might not be more successful. Mr. W. PETERS has, so he asserts, solved a problem hitherto pronounced insoluble (why does he not claim the reward said to be offered by Parliament for the invention?) in a pamphlet entitled *The Quadrature and Exact Area of the Circle demonstrated*. Of course we cannot follow him into the algebraic argument which he terms a demonstration, but those who feel an interest in the subject may profit by a perusal of the pamphlet. The great event inaugurated to-day has produced a vast number of publications. Among them is one entitled *To-Morrow! The Results and Tendencies of National Exhibitions deduced from Strict Historical Parallels; developing a Law of peculiar interest at the present time*. It is a strange production, the foundation of which is thus stated by the author:—"That when exhibitions have taken place that have embraced more nations than one, the results have generally been of a disastrous nature; and when the symbolic relics and national representatives of one nation have been carried into the territories of another, and there made an object of admiration, wonderment, or curiosity, disastrous results have generally followed, it being understood that this part of the proposition is confined to National Relics exhibited, and by no means extends to commercial productions sold." The instances cited in support of this argument are the Tower of Babel, the Temptation on the Mount, Satan there showing as his Dominion all the Glories of the Earth, and Nineveh, "the mighty city of old, the Queen of all the nations." Verily, the mind that can see any actual similitude between these and an Exhibition of Industry, must be strangely constituted, even to the point of insanity. Such arguments are too contemptible for answer. Mr. GEORGE MERRYWEATHER, the designer and inventor of *The Tempest Prognosticator*, which is contained in the Exhibition, has published *An Essay Explanatory of it*, which was read before the Whitby Philosophical Society in February last.

ART JOURNAL.

The Stones of Venice. Vol. I. The Foundations. By JOHN RUSKIN. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

There is a glorious City of the Sea;
The sea is in her streets, her silent streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

AYE! glorious still is Venice—glorious in her decay. Still she is the most magnificent and the most perfect relic of the past; few of her structures have wholly perished, few are in ruins; the hand of time is visible upon them; much has been defaced by violence or accident; negligence of repair has given an aspect of decay and desolation; and the conversion

of the palaces of merchant princes into warehouses for petty traders has invested the City of the Sea with an aspect of ruin which a more intimate acquaintance and a minuter investigation will prove to be more in seeming than in fact.

And Venice is preeminently the Metropolis of Architecture. Other cities may boast the possession of some structures grander or more beautiful, but nowhere are grouped together so many and such various triumphs of architectural art.

Mr. Ruskin has undertaken the noble task of educating the tastes of his countrymen, or rather, we should say, of implanting a taste which does not exist, and the absence of which is seen in the singular chaos of buildings—setting at defiance all the rules of art and all the principles of taste—which is found in our cities and towns, and which prevails alike in our public and private edifices. In his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* he commenced his mission with an eloquent description of the aesthetics of the art, by which term we mean, the principles of taste that should prevail in it, as distinct from the scientific rules. But that was a work of precept. He was desirous of illustrating those principles by example. Venice presented herself to him as the place where he might find the most abundant materials for his purpose: thither he repaired, with his eye trained to observation, and his mind imbued with the laws of art which he has so eloquently propounded, and the result of his researches is partially given to the world in the volume before us, which contains the first portion of his wanderings amid the *Stones of Venice*. But as yet he has not ascended higher than "The Foundations." The general effect of the completed structures are yet to be described.

Albeit Mr. Ruskin has striven as much as possible to popularize the study of architectural art, and, indeed, it is the very purpose of this work to instruct the public rather than the professional mind, still, from the very nature and necessities of the subject, it is not so attractive to the general reader as was its predecessor, nor is it so easily reviewed within the limited space permitted to the literary journalist. It was impossible altogether to avoid technicalities; scientific details could not be excluded; the foundations of the noblest structures do not afford such opportunities for pictorial description and poetical sentiment as the form and the adornments, the uses and the treasures, of the completed work. This volume will, therefore, perhaps, be deemed dry and dull as compared with the *Seven Lamps*, or with those which are to follow it. Nevertheless, it is necessary to the mastery of the subject, to the full understanding of its predecessor, to the perfect enjoyment of its successors.

The first chapter, entitled "The Quarry," treats briefly of the various styles of architecture that prevail in Venice, and the second is on "The Virtues of Architecture," in which he determines the aesthetic principles of the art. These, according to him, are

THE VIRTUES OF ARCHITECTURE.

In the main, we require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness: first, the doing their practical duty well; then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it; which last, is itself another form of duty.

Then the practical duty divides itself into two branches—acting and talking: acting, as to defend us from weather or violence; talking, as the duty of monuments or tombs, to record facts and express feelings; or of churches, temples, public edifices, treated as books of history, to tell such history clearly and forcibly. We have thus altogether, three great branches of architectural virtue, and we require of any building,—

1. That it act well, and do the things it was intended to do in the best way.
2. That it speak well, and say the things it was intended to say in the best words.
3. That it look well and please us by its presence, whatever it has to do or say.

Mr. Ruskin, in fact, founds his entire code of art upon *truth*: he would have a building

always to be and appear to be what it is really intended to be. "Two virtues," he says, "are proper subjects of law—their performance of their common and necessary work, and their conformity with universal and divine canons of loveliness: respecting these there can be no doubt, no ambiguity. I would have the reader discern them so quickly that, as he passes along a street, he may, by a glance of the eye, distinguish the noble from the ignoble work. *He can do this, if he permit fair play to his natural instincts.*" And he declares the purpose of his labours to be to remove from those instincts the artificial restraints which prevent their action.

We contemplate a building with reference to the intelligence of the builder, as expressing his sense of strength and beauty, and not as we look at the works of God. Thus,

DIVINE AND HUMAN ARCHITECTURE.

For we have a worthier way of looking at human than at divine architecture; much of the value both of construction and decoration, in the edifices of men, depends upon our being led by the thing produced or adorned, to some contemplation of the powers of mind concerned in its creation or adornment. We are not so led by divine work, but are content to rest in the contemplation of the thing created. I wish the reader to note this especially; we take pleasure, or *should* take pleasure, in architectural construction altogether, as the manifestation of an admirable human intelligence; it is not the strength, not the size, not the finish of the work which we are to venerate; rocks are always stronger, mountains always larger, all natural objects more finished; but it is the intelligence and resolution of man in overcoming physical difficulty which are to be the source of our pleasure and subject of our praise. And again, in decorations or beauty, it is less the actual loveliness of the thing produced, than the choice and invention concerned in the production which are to delight us; the love and the thoughts of the workman more than his work; his work must always be imperfect, but his thoughts and affections may be true and deep.

The faults of modern architects do not consist so much in themselves as in the public they serve. "Do you suppose," asks Mr. Ruskin, "that any modern architect likes what he builds, or enjoys it? Not in the least. He builds it because he has been told that such and such things are fine, and that he *should* like them. He pretends to like them, and gives them a false relish of vanity."

And in the matter of ornament he exhorts his readers to be guided by the dictates of their feelings and their true tastes, and not by reason, within whose province it does not fall. If you like it, use it, without asking what others will say, or what pretended rules of art prescribe. "Half the evil in this world," he says, "comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy;" or, as he might with more truth have said, from people not having the courage to follow their own feelings or tastes, or even to acknowledge their existence! He adds, as to this

TASTE IN ORNAMENT.

So in this after-matter of ornament. It needs some little care to try experiments upon yourself; it needs deliberate question and upright answer. But there is no difficulty to be overcome, no obtuse reasoning to be gone into; only a little watchfulness needed, and thoughtfulness, and so much honesty as will enable you to confess to yourself, and to all men, that you enjoy things, though great authorities say you should not.

This looks somewhat like pride; but it is true humility, in trust that you have been so created as to enjoy what is fitting for you, and a willingness to be pleased, as it was intended you should be. It is the child's spirit, which we are then most happy when we most recover; only wiser than children in that we are ready to think it subject of thankfulness that we can still be pleased with a fair colour or a dancing light. And, above all, do not try to make all these pleasures reasonable, nor to connect the delight which you take in ornaments with that which you take in construction or usefulness. They have no connection; and every effort that you make to reason from one to the other, will blunt your sense of beauty, or confuse it with sensations altogether inferior to it. You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to

other account than mere delight. Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies for instance; at least I suppose this quill I hold in my hand writes better than a peacock's would, and the peasants of Vevay, whose fields in spring time are as white with lilies as the Deut du Midi is with snow, told me the hay was none the better.

Into the details to which the above is an introduction, it would be impossible for us to follow him within any reasonable limits. Suffice it to say, that he treats successively of the Wall Base, the Wall Veil, the Wall Cornice, the Pier Base, the Shaft, the Capital, the Arch Line, the Arch Masonry, the Arch Load, the Roof, the Roof Cornice, the Buttress, the form of Aperture, the filling of Apertures, the protection of Aperture, Superior-position, the Material of Ornament, the Treatment of Ornament, the Angle, the Edge and Fillet, the Roll and Recess, the Base, the Wall Veil and Shaft, the Cornice and Capital, the Archivol, the Roof, and the Vestibule. These are illustrated by numerous engravings, so that there is no difficulty in following the descriptions, and comprehending the application of the principle to the example. To be enjoyed or understood, the work must be studied as a whole, and no person, however accomplished as an architect, could rise from its perusal without profit, while to those who have not yet given their attention to architecture, as an art which is for the enjoyment of all mankind, and not a mystery for the few, it will open a new world of enjoyment, a new accomplishment for the intellect and the taste, which will exalt and purify the mind, lifting it above grosser pleasures and pursuits; and as a further commendation of it to the reader, we subjoin a few passages of intrinsic beauty, which we had noted here and there as enduring to be severed from their context, and deserving to be read and remembered for their own truth and worth.

What an earnest appeal is this against

INDIFFERENTISM IN ART.

If a man is cold in his likings and disliking, or if he will not tell you what he likes, you can make nothing of him. Only get him to feel quickly and to speak plainly, and you may set him right. And the fact is, that the great evil of all recent architectural effort has not been that men liked wrong things; but that they either cared nothing about any, or pretended to like what they did not. Do you suppose that any modern architect likes what he builds, or enjoys it? Not in the least. He builds it because he has been told that such and such things are fine, and that he *should* like them. He pretends to like them, and gives them a false relish of vanity. Do you seriously imagine, reader, that any living soul in London likes triglyphs?—or get any hearty enjoyment out of pediments? You are much mistaken. Greeks did: English people never did,—never will. Do you fancy that the architect of Burlington Mews, in Regent-street, had any particular satisfaction in putting the blank triangle over the archway, instead of a useful garret window? By no manner of means. He had been told it was right to do so, and thought he should be admired for doing it. Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice: they are almost always hypocries.

So, then, the first thing we have to ask of the decoration is that it should indicate strong liking, and that honestly. It matter not so much what the thing is, as that the builder should really love it and enjoy it, and say so plainly. The architect of Bourges Cathedral liked hawthorns; so he has covered his porch with hawthorn,—it is a perfect Niobe of May. Never was such hawthorn; you would try to gather it forthwith, but for fear of being pricked. The old Lombard architects liked hunting; so they covered their work with horses and hounds, and men blowing trumpets two yards long. The base Renaissance architects of Venice liked masquing and fiddling; so they covered their work with comic masks and musical instruments. Even that was better than our English way of liking nothing, and professing to like triglyphs.

Both new and true, although entirely opposed to the conventional cant of hack-writers, is this on

NATURE IN ART.

Have no fear therefore, reader, in judging between nature and art, so only that you love both. If you can love one only, then let it be nature; you are safe with her: but do not then attempt to judge the art, to which

you do not care to give thought or time. But if you love both, you may judge between them fearlessly; you may estimate the last, by its making you remember the first, and giving you the same kind of joy. If, in the square of the city, you can find a delight, finite, indeed, but pure and intense, like that which you have a valley among the hills, then its art and architecture are right; but if, after fair trial, you can find no delight in them, nor any instruction like that of nature, I call on you fearlessly to condemn them.

We are forced, for the sake of accumulating our power and knowledge, to live in cities; but such advantage as we have in association with each other is in great part counterbalanced by our loss of fellowship with nature. We cannot all have our gardens now, nor our pleasant fields to meditate in at eventide. Then the function of our architecture is, as far as may be, to replace these; to tell us about nature; to possess us with memories of her quietness; to be solemn and full of tenderness, like her, and rich in portraiture of her; full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no more gather, and of the living creatures now far away from us in their own solitude. If ever you felt or found this in a London street,—if ever it furnished you with one serious thought, or one ray of true and gentle pleasure,—if there is in your heart a true delight in its grim railings and dark casements, and wasteful finery of shops, and feeble coxombry of clubhouses,—it is well: promote the building of more like them. But if they never taught you anything, and never made you happier as you passed beneath them, do not think they have any mysterious goodness or occult sublimity. Have done with the wretched affectation, the futile barbarism, of pretending to enjoy: for, as surely as you know that the meadow grass, meshed with fairy rings, is better than the wood pavement, cut into hexagons; and as surely as you know the fresh winds and sunshine of the upland are better than the chokedamp of the vault, or the gas-light of the ball-room, you may know, as I told you that you should, that the good architecture, which has life, and truth, and joy in it, is better than the bad architecture, which has death, dishonesty, and vexation of heart in it, from the beginning to the end of time.

With what earnest eloquence does he paint the

CORRUPTIONS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

All the Gothics in existence, southern or northern, were corrupted at once. The German and French lost themselves in every species of extravagance; the English Gothic was confined, in its insanity, by a strait-waistcoat of perpendicular lines; the Italian effloresced on the main land into the meaningless ornamentation of the Certosa of Pavia and the Cathedral of Como (a style sometimes ignorantly called Italian Gothic), and at Venice into the insipid confusion of the Porta della Carta and wild crockets of St. Mark's. This corruption of all architecture, especially ecclesiastical corresponded with and marked the state of religion over all Europe—the peculiar degradation of the Romanist superstition, and of public morality in consequence, which brought about the Reformation.

Against the corrupted papacy arose two great divisions of adversaries—protestants in Germany and England, rationalists in France and Italy; the one requiring the purification of religion, the other its destruction. The protestant kept the religion, but cast aside the heresies of Rome, and with them her arts, by which last rejection he injured his own character, cramped his intellect in refusing to give it one of its noblest exercises, and materially diminished its influence. It may be a serious question how far the pausing of the Reformation has been a consequence of this error.

The rationalist kept the arts and cast aside the religion. This rationalistic art is the art commonly called Renaissance, marked by a return to Pagan systems, not to adopt them and hallow them for Christianity, but to rank itself under them as an imitator and pupil. In painting it is headed by Giulio Romano and Nicolo Poussin; in architecture by Sansovino and Palladio.

Instant degradation followed in every direction; a flood of folly and hypocrisy. Mythologies ill-understood at first, then perverted into feeble sensualities, take the place of the representations of Christian subjects, which had become blasphemous under the treatment of men like the Caracci. Gods without power, satyrs without rusticity, nymphs without innocence, men without humanity, gather into idiot groups upon the polluted canvass, and scenic affectations encumber the streets with preposterous marble. Lower and lower declines the level of abused intellect; the base school of landscape gradually usurps the place of historical painting, which had sunk into prurient pedantry. The Alsatian sublimities of Salvator, the confectionary idealities of Claude, the dull manufacture of Gaspar and Canaletto, south of the Alps; and on the north, the patient devotion of besotted lives to delineation of bricks and fogs, fat cattle and ditch-water. And thus Christianity and

morality, courage and intellect, and art, all crumbling together into one wreck, we are hurried on to the fall of Italy, the revolution in France, and the condition of art in England (saved by her protestantism from severe penalty) in the time of George II.

What misperceptions of art are shown in the following remarks on a subject which we hear continually debated, but with very little knowledge of it.

THE EFFECT OF DISTANCES.

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay, not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They were meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapour. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by their myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon: dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and, as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life, shadowed upon the vast aerial shore, is at last met by the Eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm-branches of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

Nor in such instances as these alone, though, strangely enough, the discrepancy between apparent and actual beauty is greater in proportion to the unapproachableness of the object, is the law observed. For every distance from the eye there is a peculiar kind of beauty, or a different system of lines of form; the sight of that beauty is reserved for that distance, and for that alone. If you approach nearer, that kind of beauty is lost, and another succeeds, to be disorganized and reduced to strange and incomprehensible means and appliances in its turn. If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All is there disorder and accident, or seems so; sudden starts of its shattered beds hither and thither; ugly struggles of unexpected strength from under the ground; fallen fragments, toppling one over another into more helpless fall. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, as you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance, behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass; line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group, the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies; new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible, one by one, and far away answers of foot to foot, and of bone to bone, until the powerless chaos is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap could now be spared from the mystic whole.

Now it is indeed true that where nature loses one kind of beauty, as you approach it, she substitutes another; this is worthy of her infinite power; and, as we shall see, art can sometimes follow her even in doing this; but all I insist upon at present is, that the several effects of nature are each worked with means referred to a particular distance, and producing their effect at that distance only. Take a singular and marked instance: when the sun rises behind a ridge of pines, and those pines are seen from a distance of a mile or two, against his light, the whole form of the tree, trunk, branches, and all, becomes one frostwork of intensely brilliant silver, which is relieved against the clear sky like a burning fringe, for some distance on either side of the sun. Now suppose a person who had never seen pines were, for the first time in his life, to see them under this strange aspect, and, reasoning as to the means by which such effect could be produced, laboriously to approach the eastern ridge, how would he be amazed to find that the fiery spectres had been produced by trees with swarthy and grey trunks, and dark green leaves! We, in our simplicity, if we had been required to produce such an appearance, should have built up trees of chased silver, with trunks of glass, and then been grievously amazed to find that, at two miles off, neither silver nor glass were any more visible; but nature knew better, and prepared for her fairy work with the strong branches and dark leaves, in her own mysterious way.

We reserve for a conclusion this wonderfully graphic

PICTURE OF VENICE.

And now come with me, for I have kept you too long from your gondola; come with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the East.

It lies level for a league or two, between its elms and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows slowly, but strongly; a muddy volume of yellowish-gray water, that neither hastens nor slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy, twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently you pass one of the much vaunted "villas on the Brenta;" a glaring spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a court-yard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high road, for magnificence' sake, with goody posts and chains; then another of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden wall; some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New-road, and some of clumsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots. This is the architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy.

The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals, with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black, and rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery with green weed. At last the road turns sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with bent grass, off the right of it; but do not look that way.

Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is always (I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and prennial grey, with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small loaves of a peculiar white bread, made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows; and between them and the street a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbour of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden; the air, however, about us having nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chestnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the windows respecting certain wheelbarrows, which are in rivalry for our baggage; we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street.

We have but walked about two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation; another glance undecives us,—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat, and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree, gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene.

Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly, as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sea air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre

is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the colour of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky,—the alps of Bassano. Forward still; the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces, and staggering in ugly rents towards the water,—the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another turn and another perspective of canal, but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast,—it widens; the rank grass of the bank sinks lower and lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malmocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dock-yard wall with flat arches to let the tide through it;—this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church.

It is Venice.

And with this the volume closes. The world will look eagerly for its successor.

The Art Journal for April continues its valuable series of engravings from the pictures in the Vernon Gallery. This number contains *LEE'S Cover Side, The Victim*, by EGG, and *RIPPEGILL'S Reflection*, all engraved with a skill worthy of the subjects. The wood-cuts scattered in the text are very numerous, and in the finest style of the art, while the literature is interesting and instructive. *The Art Journal* has announced an Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, which, from the specimens we have seen, will probably much surpass the official one in beauty and completeness.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Forty-seventh Exhibition of this Society was opened to private view at their Gallery in Pall-Mall East, on Saturday last, and attracted a brilliant company. Amid the crowding and the greetings of such an occasion, it is impossible to do more than make a very general survey of the walls and screens; but this enables us to say of the present Exhibition, that it is not inferior to any of its predecessors. We recognise all the old favourites, with the exception of LEWIS. BARTHOLOMEW delights us with his exquisite groups of flowers, so tastefully dispersed, and so true to Nature. COPLEY FIELDING has contributed no less than twenty-nine drawings, unusually varied in style, and depicting mountain, plain, and sea, in sunshine and in storm. HUNT is as marvellous as ever, with primroses and bird's-nests, and fruit—very transcripts of Nature, but, strange to say, without one country bumpkin to make us laugh. H. GASTINEAU has brought us a large collection of scenes from Scotland; and CARLE HAGHE has been touring in Switzerland, and returned with a portfolio that brings before us the veritable aspect of Alps and Alpine valleys and torrents. BRANWHITE is growing in fame and desert. Here are landscapes whose rocks are realities, and ice lighted by the glow of sunset. FREDERICK TAYLOR exhibits but two pictures; but one of them is a master-piece, and certainly the picture of the year—a *Fete Champetre*, gracefully composed, and wonderfully coloured. GEORGE FRIPP has been as industrious as ever, and is as clever in drawing and composition, but with his old fault of too cold a tone. CALLOW, with his stretches of real waves, and heavy, dark, and solid ships floating upon them, and not lying in them; PROUT with many more recollections of old streets and churches, but with somewhat of tameness, which we never saw in him before; RICHARDSON, who has caught the atmospheres and skies of Italy; OAKLEY, with gipsies and beggar boys; DAVID COX, bold and rough, but amazingly true; and his Son, with most of his father's power, and without his extreme sketchiness. These, and others whom we have not space even to name, make up an Exhibition which will astonish our visitors even more than it will please ourselves, because the School of Water Colour Art is peculiarly English—indeed, is scarcely known or cultivated upon the Continent. Of course we shall proceed, in future papers, to notice the merits of the various pictures in detail.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Seventeenth Exhibition of the Society was also

opened to private view on Saturday, being almost a month later than the usual period, and its members may be justly proud of the display. There are many pictures here of great pretension, but quite successful, which proves the steady progress in the aims of the artists, and the capabilities of the art. L. HAGHE's interiors are magnificent; CHARLES DAVIDSON's sunny landscapes, and depth of trees, may vie with anything ever produced by ancient or modern painter; AARON PENLEY has some really grand and solemn landscapes, in storm, mist, and evening. Mr. FAHEY has expressed the very hues and spirit of an English prospect; Miss FANNY STEERS proves herself to be the foremost of English female landscape painters; BENNETT is another who peculiarly belongs to the English school; VACHER has sent from Venice a series of views of the City of the Sea, for whose perfect truth every one who has visited it will vouch. There are many others equally deserving note, and we shall proceed in future numbers to particular noting of such of the pictures as we deem most to deserve the attention of our readers, with reasons for their praise or blame.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Concluding notice.)

WE add a few more notices of pictures which deserve some attention.

No. 32. *Cottager's Nosegay* by GREGG is a very promising bit of flower painting. There is a freedom about the drawing rare in such subjects.

35. *The Gypsy Girl*, by W. R. WATERS. This artist has an eye for the picturesque. His Gypsy is the ideal rather than the real. But then poetry is as much the province of art as prose, or more.

48. Mr. INCE's *Brecknock from the Castle Bridge* has much pleased us. An artist's skill has been shown in the selection of a most picturesque spot, and the effects are very good.

54. *Art and Nature*. T. EARLE. Very clever. The pert stolidity of the china pug, at which the little terrier is staring with a sort of incredulous look, as if doubting whether it be a real dog or not, is admirable. MILLAIS's picture in the background intimates that there is a satire in this contrast between Art and Nature.

74. *Fruit from Nature*, by STANNARD, deserves great commendation, for it is not only from Nature but after Nature. It is almost fragrant.

78. *The Music Grinders*, by S. GAMREDELLA, has much merit, with some defects. The boys stand out from the canvass, and they are really laughing; but the fault is the rare one of excess of expression; the grin is too broad. But for this, it would have been one of the most perfect pictures in the gallery.

79. *The Impertinent Intruder*, by HUSKISSON. A robin perched on a broom is momentarily expected to hop down to us, and as for the puppies, we surely hear them squeaking.

108. *In Penshurst Park*, by D. CORBET. A sweet bit of Nature's greenery stolen by the artist's pencil, and transferred to canvass for the delight of us Londoners, weary of brick walls and dirty stucco.

141. *Barking Trees*, by W. H. GALSWORTHY. Cleverly composed, with much poetry in the scene, a true bit of English country.

161. *Weighing a Buoy, River Fog Clearing off*, by J. TENNANT. A masterpiece. The atmosphere is perfect; the fog melts as we gaze, and the river sparkles into life. A delicious picture for the eye to rest upon.

165. *Backing the East Wind*, by F. BARRY. A clever little sketch, worth more than the price put upon it (six guineas.) The artist has powers which might adorn higher subjects.

235. *The Sea Cave*, by W. E. FROST, A.R.A. A nymph bathing in a cave. The lights are beautifully thrown upon a form as flesh-like as ever TITIAN painted. It is a gem.

250. *A Squall off the Foreland*, by C. A. MORNEWICK, is full of spirit: the waves are real, and the water is water, and not rock. Here, also, we espy great promise.

255. *A Highland Bridge*; T. K. FAIRLESS. The tone of this picture entitles it to attention. We know it to be Scotland, without referring to the catalogue. The artist has an eye for the picturesque, for he has happily chosen his point of view.

278. *Isaac Walton's Delight*, H. L. ROLFE, is a basket of fish newly caught, so glossy and slippery that they must glide again into the river. They are the perfection of fish, and made our fingers tingle with remembrances of encounters with similar prizes.

287. *The Happy Fisherman*, by A. WEBB, is a clever bit of coast scenery.

Departing for once from the Pensioners, Mr. H. J. PIDDING has presented us with *The Fish Girl* (293), as she is—a true sketch from nature.

400. *Floating up Wrecks with the Tide*, by J. W. OAKES, is remarkable for the accurate representation of

a great distance. Rarely is this accomplished, and the faculty is one which cannot be too highly prized in a landscape painter. Mr. OAKES possesses it.

So does Mr. HODGSON possess the faculty of depicting depth. His *Nave of Norwich Cathedral* (405,) is singularly artistic. The tone is good, the lights are well thrown in, and it is altogether a work of unusual merit.

419. *A Coast Scene*, by T. H. CLATER, should arrest the visitor's steps. It is very real.

453. *The Avenue*, by G. A. FERREIRA, is Nature's veritable green, and not the conventional green of art, and for this the artist is to be commended. Let him keep to this and he will win fame.

480. *Pont-y-pair, North Wales*, by G. STANFIELD, has solid rocks and transparent water—two things not always found in painting, where the rocks are sometimes transparent and the water solid.

497. *Cows in a Stream*, by E. WILLIS, is after CUYF, and sufficiently near to him to give promise of future excellence. The only fault of Mr. WILLIS is a trifle too much of hardness—his outlines are too sharp, and his cows are too clean and smooth. Let him beware of this.

Mr. J. D. WINGFIELD's *Cartoon Gallery, Hampton Court* (498), is very clever. Vast labour has been bestowed upon it—more than the subject deserves.

502. *Our Pony*, by GEORGE LANDSEER. Two children playing with a pony, whose patient and pleased countenance is depicted with a skill worthy of the name the artist bears.

505. *The Proffered Ride*. R. H. WOODMAN. An artistic composition, admirably coloured.

506. *On the Coast of Holland*. H. A. KNELL. It is not often that a more genuine sea is exhibited than this.

With recommendations to our readers who visit the Institution to observe the pictures above noted, we take our leave of a gallery which is always creditable to English art.

Talk of the Studios.

A PROJECT has been set on foot at Valenciennes to procure subscriptions for a monument to be erected to the memory of Froissard. The President of the Republic has put down his name for 500*fr.*—The Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists in Paris closed on Sunday. The number of works exhibited were 3150 paintings, 466 sculpture, 107 architectural designs, 131 engravings, and 49 lithographs. The exhibition was not so good as most of those of preceding year.—A very valuable discovery in art, by which the difficulties attending fresco painting will be entirely avoided, has been made in Germany.—Macdonald (at Rome) has received an order from Lord Willoughby d'Eresby for a Venus, which has already advanced far in the clay, and promises well. It is too early to criticise his as yet imperfect expression of the beauties of the goddess.—A process has just been discovered by a German artist, the application of which is likely to supersede much of the labour of the engraver on wood. Instead of making a drawing on a block of wood, the artist makes his drawing on a piece of paper, from which impressions can be taken *ad infinitum*, without destroying the original drawing, and with an effect that closely resembles a fair average style of the wood engraver's art.—A large exhibition of pictures, by many of the great painters of the various European schools of art will be shortly opened to the public.—The Great Industrial Exhibition not including works of painting, the present enterprise is intended to fill this vacancy, and for that purpose the mansion in St. James's-square, called Litchfield-house, has been taken, and is now being fitted up. The principal living artists of the French, Germans, Dutch, Belgian, Italian, and Spanish schools, have engaged, we are told, to send their works, and the leading English painters will be invited to contribute to this gathering of pictorial art.—In the late monarchy, the king Louis Philippe had ordered from M. Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, ninety pictures representing feats of the French navy. Sixty-three of these paintings are at Versailles, but the others were not completed until after the revolution of February, and are about to be sold as the private property of the estate of the ex-king, his will being silent as to his intention of presenting them to the country. Several of the representatives of the people, among whom are Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, General Lebreton, General Leflo, and MM. Collas, Schœlcher, and Eugene Sue, intend to propose to the Assembly that these pictures shall be purchased by the state, to be added to those already at Versailles.—The sale of the collections of Edward Denny, Esq., took place on Tuesday week at Mr. Phillips's. The 36 lots of pictures and sculptures produced about 2,300*l.* The first lot of importance was "Sunday Morning in the Last Century," by Anthony, which brought 116

guineas; Leslie's finished study for "May-day in the time of Queen Elizabeth," 126 guineas; Haydon's "Banishment of Aristides," 140 guineas; "The Trial of Effie Deans," by R. S. Lauder, 230 guineas; the "Head of an Old Woman," by Denner, originally the property of Charles VI., was purchased for 200 guineas. The bust in marble of Sir Joshua, by Cirachi, brought 50 guineas; another in plaster of Napoleon when First Consul, sold for 25 guineas; and another in marble executed by Canova, in 1804, formerly belonging to the President of France, was purchased by Mr. Farrer for 260 guineas. "Eve plucking the forbidden fruit," by Marshall, was bought by Mr. Grundy, of Liverpool, for 440 guineas. A terra cotta coloured bust, 260 guineas, was bought by Mr. Farrer. Another improvement in the Daguerreotype Art has just been made public by Mr. Beard, who first introduced to this country the curious discovery of the ingenious Frenchman, Daguerre. A Mons. Mansion has found, and Mr. Beard has perfected, a plan for coating the surface of the daguerreotype with a kind of transparent enamel, which effectually excludes the air, renders a glass unnecessary, and permits, moreover, the application of colour more effectually than by any mode previously attempted. We may, indeed, now regard these sun-pictures as capable of the high and elaborate finish of miniatures in oil, whilst they enjoy the indestructible adjuncts of a metal plate with a vitreous facing—the likeness safely lodged between the two, undimmed and undamagable by time.

MUSIC.

VOCAL.

The Stranger's Welcome. Words by E. H. REED; Music by LINLEY. London: Purday.—We heartily recommend this composition to the favour of Her Majesty's, and the Metropolitan and Provincial Local Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, to whom it is dedicated. The words are vigorously written, and well support the national character of the song. Mr. LINLEY has happily succeeded in adapting them to a simple though expressive air, which is well suited to a baritone or bass voice. We anticipate *The Stranger's Welcome* will become popular.

Are we Less Happy Now. Words by R. W. ROWLEY; Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER. London: Purday.—Mr. GLOVER is widely known in the musical world, and if we may judge from experience, we think there are few families that are not indebted to him for many a pleasant hour. If we are less happy now, we can do Mr. GLOVER the justice to exculpate him from increasing our anxiety. The words of this ballad are lyrical and engaging, and we guarantee no little pleasure to those who may possess themselves of the composition.

Where is My Loved One. Words by Miss PARDOE; Music by LODER. London: Purday.—We trust this is not the last composition by the same writer and composer with which we shall be favoured. The poetry is of a superior character, and possesses a feeling and delicacy which we seldom meet with in the ballads of the present day. Mr. LODER has most felicitously adapted it to a graceful and flowing melody, worthy alike of the elegance of the words and of his reputation.

The False Hearted. Words by H. H. PAUL; Music by S. EHRLICH. London: Purday.—A handsomely-engraved title-page illuminates the exterior of this ballad. The words, though but moderately well-written, exhibit a firmness of expression which compensates for the absence of lyrical precision. Mr. EHRLICH has wedded them to an effective melody, which will long dwell in the memory of those who may hear the ballad.

Forget Thee. Words by the Rev. H. MOULTREY; Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. London: Brewer and Co.—We believe there are few lovers of genuine poetry to whom these words are not familiar. Glowing in sentiment, vivid in imagery, concise in expression, and yet simple withal they are scarcely surpassed in elegance by MORE'S most celebrated productions. Mr. WRIGHTON has adapted them to a graceful melody of easy compass which we anticipate will ensure for the composition an extensive popularity.

The Voice that Bids us Welcome Home. Written by CARPENTER; composed by W. T. WRIGHTON. London: Brewer and Co.—The purpose of every ballad is to produce a certain effect on those who hear it. If it is productive of this effect, the composition is good, if it fails, it is bad. The title of this song proclaims its object. The words and melody are pleasingly written and composed, and not only catch the fancy but tend to soften and to humanize the heart.

A Word in Season. Written by CHAS. JEFFREYS; composed by CHAS. W. GLOVER. London: Brewer and Co.—The influence of music over the mind is perhaps not inferior to that of any of the fine arts, and many a social virtue has been called into operation by a simple "word in season," when drest in the language of poetry, and uttered by the voice of music. This ballad carries with it a tone and feeling well calculated to impress the truth; it teaches on the mind and to awaken very many pleasing reflections.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

MISS GLYNN has been enthusiastically received by large and increasing audiences in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool.—The sums added to the fund for purchasing Shakespeare's house, by Mr. Macready's readings, have enabled the committee to make the property a national relic; but it seems that it is in danger of falling to pieces, and will require several hundred pounds expended upon it to keep it together.—Miss Catherine Hayes has returned from Italy.—Herr Anders, an Austrian tenor of some renown, is shortly expected.—A drama from the French of M. A. Dumas, translated by Mr. Slous (author of *The Templar*), is said to be forthcoming at the Princess's Theatre.—The accounts from New York to the 2nd instant, otherwise uninteresting, announce that Jenny Lind was at Nashville on her way to New York, thence to embark, in order to reach London in May. Jenny has done wonders at St. Louis, and is now enacting her vocal miracles at Cincinnati.—It was said lately at the Italian Opera at Paris, that Mr. Mitchell is to be lessee of both Her Majesty's Theatre and of Covent Garden next year,—with the view of giving Italian opera at the former house, and French and German performances at the other.—Prince Albert's elder brother, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, is a distinguished musical composer; and he has just added to his renown by the production of an opera, entitled *Casilda*, represented at the theatre of Gotha.—The celebrated Bonn professor, Dr. Gottfried Kinkel—who has recently and so strangely escaped from the prison of Spandau—is now delivering a course of lectures "On the History of the Modern Drama," at Willis's Rooms.—Mr. Mitchell has issued a tempting prospectus of a series of fifteen representations of French comedy and vaudeville, to commence on Monday last. He opens the season with M. Scribe's new comedy, *Bataille de Dames*, in which MM. Regnier and Lafont, and Mesdames Judith and St. Marc will appear; to be followed on the same evening by a new comic vaudeville, entitled *L'amour a l'aveuglette*, with M. Hyacinthe and Madlle. Schriveneck. Engagements are also made with MM. Roger, Ravel, and Levassor. Madlle. Rachel is announced to appear on the 2nd of June.—A young lady named Madame Cruvelli, well known during the last two or three years in the theatres of Italy and Germany, has just made a great hit at the Théâtre Italien, at Paris. She appeared in *Ernani*, and her voice, which is both powerful and sweet, her originality, which is very striking, her dramatic power, which is far greater than is generally seen on the Italian stage, and lastly, her youth and beauty, all united in securing her the enthusiastic applause of her fashionable and artistic auditors. She is German by birth, a native of Bielefeld, in Prussia. On the conclusion of the Paris season, we are to have the pleasure of hearing her in London.—The political sensitiveness of the Prussian authorities has been recently tested by the intended production of *Masaniello* at the Berlin Italian Opera. A Government official attended the grand rehearsal, and, fearing that the effects of the music might operate prejudicially in the present state of the popular mind, prohibited the performance. To this circumstance is owing the fact that Signor Pardini has been enabled to come to London and appear in *Masaniello*, which is being got up for him at Her Majesty's Theatre.

In the Court of Bankruptcy, on Saturday week Mr. Charles Mathews had once more recourse to protection from this court; his present debts are said to be about 9,000*l.*, and his proposal to pay his creditors in full is founded upon the hope he entertains of realizing a large sum from a forthcoming entertainment during the season of the Great Exhibition. Mr. Mathews had numerous processes in the County Courts out against him at the suit of *employés* at the Lyceum Theatre, and hence the necessity of his petitioning the court under Lord Brougham's Debtor and Creditor Arrangement Act.—When Madame Grisi was legally separated from her husband, it was adjudicated that her husband, M. de Melcy, should have the property of some iron-works at Chitery, and an annuity of 10,000 francs. The annuity has fallen into arrear, and Madame Grisi has pleaded in the French courts that the Revolution has so lessened her income, both from property and from professional exertion, that she cannot pay the large sum originally fixed. But the court, after hearing the case of each party, have condemned Madame Grisi to satisfy the whole claim of M. de Melcy.—Several letters of Edmund Kean's have been sold lately at high prices. In one of them, presumed to have been written immediately after his failure in Henry V., occurs this passage:—"My only consolation, in this extreme of my misery, is that it was neither from want of attention to my duties." "I conceived myself invulnerable, mind cannot be directed as I have proved in this last, most destructive issue, but want of memory is not want of heart." In another, dated March 9, 1830, written on the same sad occasion, he says:—"Fight for me. I have no resources in myself. Mind is gone and body is hopeless." "Memory, the first of goddesses, has forsaken me." "The soul leaps, the body falls." It may be interesting to notice that a day or two after this melancholy event Kean played Richard III., with all his wonted vigour.—M. Bayard, one of the authors of the French piece *La Fille du Régiment*, and the heirs of Donizetti, the composer, who set it to music, have brought an action before the Tribunal of Com-

merce, against Mr. Lumley, director of the Italian Theatre, to recover a certain sum for the performance of that opera. The opera had originally been written in French, and brought out at the Opera Comique. Mr. Lumley had it translated into Italian, and represented at London. Desirous of bringing out this translation at Paris, he caused an application to be made to Messrs. Bayard and de St. Georges, as authors of the words, for an authorization to perform the piece. The latter consented, the former refused; but notwithstanding this refusal the piece was performed. Mr. Lumley did not consider it necessary to make any application to the heirs of Donizetti for permission to use the music, as he was not a Frenchman. It appeared that the playing of the opera without the authorization of M. Bayard was the consequence of some misunderstanding, but nevertheless the Tribunal condemned Mr. Lumley to pay that gentleman 365*l.* 22*s.*; and with respect to the demand of Donizetti's heirs it held that, though Donizetti was not a Frenchman, he was entitled to the protection of the French law, and it accordingly condemned him to pay them 730*l.* 10*s.*

LYRIC CLUB.

THE members of this club held their second concert of the season in the theatre of the Whittington Club on Monday last, when a numerous and respectable audience (notwithstanding the adverse weather) attended. The performance was most interesting and attractive, consisting of glees and madrigals, of which the soli parts were taken by the Misses WELLS, Master HOLLIDAY, Messrs. HOLMES, HILL, MOTTRAM SMITH, WILKINSON, and LAWLER, whilst the full and chorus parts were sustained by the members of the club, to the number of fifty, conducted by Mr. SHOWBRIDGE. Although it may appear invidious to particularize, we must heartily commend the taste of Mr. LAWLER in the difficult solo in HORSLEY's *Cold is Caducallo's Tongue*, which he gave with great force and aplomb. Some accompanied glees by Sir H. BISHOP which can only be heard to advantage, when sung by a great number of voices, were also delicately given. We must, however, draw the conductor's attention to the fact that many of the pieces were taken too slow; for instance, MORLEY's madrigal *Now is the Month of Maying*, and GERONIMO CONVERSO's *When all Alone*, would have been greatly improved, if they had been sung at least one-fourth quicker. The same remark applies to BEALI's delicious glee *Go, Rose*. Mr. J. LONGHURST effectively accompanied Sir H. BISHOP's glees.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE EASTER PIECES.

Drury Lane.... *The Robbers.* Drama.
Haymarket.... *Arlene; or the Fortunes of a Bohemian Girl.* Burlesque.
Lyceum..... *The Queen of the Frogs.* Burlesque.
Princesses.... *The Alhambra.* Burlesque.
Adelphi.... *Mary Dugange.* Drama.
Olympic..... *O Flannigan and the Fairies.*
Sadler's Wells *Sir Roger de Coverley.* Drama.
Fortunio and his Seven gifted Servants. Burlesque.
Surrey..... *The Czarina; or Tom the Armourer.* Melodrama.
Astley's..... *Eleanor, the Amazon.* Spectacle.

THE only operatic novelties since my last are the appearance of a new *soprano* at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, and a new *tenor* at THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mademoiselle ALAIMO made her first appearance in England on Saturday last, in the character of *Lucrezia* in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at HER MAJESTY'S. Her voice is rich and powerful, and capable of attaining great excellence, when the nervousness of a first appearance has given place to the ease and confidence attendant on success. Although Madlle. ALAIMO met with a most flattering reception the instant she set her foot on the stage, she appeared to me to suffer from nervousness during the greater part of the opera, and there was that absence of smoothness and modulation in her tones, that plainly betokened that the fair *cantatrice* was not entirely at her ease. It is impossible to judge of the merits of a *debutante* on the first night of her appearance; a thousand things occur to embarrass and dishearten. I shall, therefore, defer further criticism till I have another opportunity of judging. Her acting is excellent. Signor GARDONI made his re-appearance as *Genuaro*—he was very warmly welcomed, and though this gifted tenor has been such a great and frequent sufferer, his voice comes forth as sweetly and feelingly as ever. The great LABLACHE was the *Alphonso*. The ballet of *The Metamorphoses*, terribly clipped of its fair proportions, followed with *The Carlotta*, as beautiful and lively as ever. I begin to fancy that *Fidelio* is among the things that "are not to be," so often has it been promised, so often postponed; indeed, I think the management of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA trench too much on the good nature of their aristocratic audiences. A promise is a promise, and ought to be performed, even at an opera. *The Huguenots* has been revived, and always attracts a large audience, notwithstanding the illness of Herr FORMES on one occasion, and the indisposition of MARIO and the

influenza of Mdle. ANGRI on a second. The management should really look to the draughts, or they will have everybody ill. MARIO was in splendid voice on Saturday. The chorus and ballet are not managed as well as they might be. *Roberto il Diavolo* will be repeated on Tuesday; the alterations from last year's cast are, Signor STIGELLI for MARIO, and POLONINI for MASSOL. The first appearance, this year, of Madame SONTAG at Her Majesty's is postponed until Saturday, when she will sing in DONIZETTI's favourite opera, *La Figlia del Regimento*.

AUBER's grand opera, *L'Enfant Prodigué*, is in rehearsal at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. I should warn the management to look more carefully to the drilling of their chorus and ballet, as they have to bear comparison with Drury Lane in that respect.

The production of SCHILLER's *Robbers*, at DRURY LANE, was rather a dangerous experiment for Easter Monday; for where people have made up their minds to enjoy themselves, they do not go where they will have to sit out three hours and a half of gloom and mysticism. As a poem, to read and wonder at over a library table, SCHILLER's *Robbers* takes a very high, if not the highest, place among the curiosities of German dramatic literature, and there have been some of his countrymen bold enough, not only to compare him, but even to prefer him, to SHAKESPEARE. But, as an acting play, like many other excellent works, its composition is too subtle, and requires the whole attention of the mind, undisturbed by scenery and dress, to appreciate its worth. I could never reconcile the sentiments expressed in this play; they are, to my mind, alike unreal and unhealthy. There may have been, in the history of the world, one or two minds, like *Charles*, driven by ruin and ingratitude into bitter misanthropism, but I should doubt—indeed, it seems inconsistent—that a mind that did not possess moral courage sufficient to bear up against adversity, should, notwithstanding, feel and express such lofty and noble sentiments as mark the somewhat doubtfully drawn character of the *Robber*. The man who could school his mind to sacrifice the only being he loved in this world, with the certainty of never joining her in the world to come, should also have been able to conquer the lesser emotions that first drove him into crime. Mr. ANDERSON's translation, as a matter of course, falls far short of the original in depth and curiosity of reasoning. The same idea clothed in German, the language of mysticism and misjudged philosophy, appears very different when spoken in a tongue which savours too much of the real and defined to explain that idea and render it intelligible to minds unaccustomed to prefer the dark side of nature to her brighter, more common, and certainly not less poetical aspect. Nothing has been left undone, on the part of the management, to render the experiment successful. The scenery is beautiful. Three of the scenes, representing a forest in Bohemia, in the second act; the banks of the Danube, in the third; and a forest by moonlight, in the fourth, are such as I have seldom seen in one play. Mr. ANDERSON, as the outcast, *Charles de Moor*, is very effective; with the exception of Mr. COOPER, the rest of the acting is not quite bad, but certainly not good. The gallery laughed twice distinctly at the *funny man*, who contributed largely to the equivocal success of the piece. There is a degree of light and shade, in the characters of villains, that Mr. CATHCART entirely looks over. It is not good acting to let every one know you are the "villain" before you open your mouth. A Mr. and Miss GILBERT made their first appearance in the parts of *Herman and Amelia*; the lady is not utterly destitute of talent, as to her acting, but she fails most deplorably in the management of her voice. Mr. GILBERT may improve, by process of time and practice. *Azazel* followed, with Mr. H. T. CRAVEN and Miss VILLARS in the principal parts.

One would almost have fancied that the *Bohemian Girl* had been burlesqued *seriatim*, and bit by bit, almost sufficiently to be allowed to remain in peace for a short time; but no, the genius of the Brothers BROUGH have again brought the sufferer into notice at the HAYMARKET, under the title of *Arlene*, somewhat altered from the original, inasmuch as *Count Arnheim* is transformed into an Austrian butcher of the HAYNAU School, and *Devil's-hoof* into as merry a cadger as Mr. BUCKSTONE could invent. The hero, changed to *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, falls into the tender hands of Miss P. HORTON, who sings the music, and points the puns to perfection. The second edition of the *Heroine* (considerably enlarged, with musical notes and interpolations, as the bill informs us) is borne by Miss ANNIE BOWER, whose singing contributes vastly to the success of the piece. Mr. BLAND is such a tyrant, as only a Bland can be. Mr. H. BEDFORD, as the *Gipsy Queen*, is very good. The piece is written with the usual profusion of puns and allusions, and many of the parodies are amusing. Taking it altogether, it is very well worthy of the authors and theatre.

At the LYCEUM, Mr. PLANCHE has drawn another tale from the fairy-lore of the Countess D'ANNOIS, and adapted it to extravaganza form, for the entertainment of the Easter audiences at this theatre. The story, in the original, bears the name of *Grenouillette*, and is presented here under the title of the *Queen of the Frogs*. The plot seemed to me not particularly well adapted for dramatic form, being involved with so many magical characters of such out-of-the-way descriptions

and forms as to render the due understanding of the story not a very easy task. *King Fulminoso* (Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS) being besieged in his city, his wife and daughter (Mrs. F. MATTHEWS and Miss ST. GEORGE) escape, and are found in a wood by a fairy lioness (Mr. ROBERT ROXBY). The lioness takes them to her lair, in the centre of the earth, but *Grenouillette*, the *Queen of the Frogs* (Miss MARTINDALE) having been rescued by them from a hungry raven, in turn, determines to set them free; she therefore repairs to the court of *King Fulminoso*, gives him a talismanic ring, and then despatches him down the ten thousand steps that lead to the abode of the lioness. He is there shown his wife and daughter shut up in a crystal case, but having defeated the lioness, and being conveyed, on a dragon's back, through the quicksilver lake, he touches the crystal prison with his ring: it falls in pieces, and the same changes to the royal gardens of *Fulminoso*, the dragon receiving the ring as his reward. *Prince Nonpareil* (Miss OLIVER) comes as the Princess's suitor, but the dragon, claiming her, she is to be given up to the talismanic power of the monster. *Grenouillette*, however, provides *Nonpareil* with a magic sword and invisible cloak; he meets the dragon and slays him, and the said dragon then suddenly being changed into a regular fairy prince, marries the *Queen of the Frogs*: *Nonpareil* weds the *Princess*; and the *Lioness* and all her magical wickednesses are no more heard of. The dialogue seems to have been written in haste, and the songs, with one or two exceptions, struck us as below the average of Mr. PLANCHE's usual burlesque writing. The scenery, we need only say, is worthy of Mr. BEVERLEY; such fairy scenes are realised as poets may dream about, but no one, save at the LYCEUM, realises. The costumes were more superb, if possible, than ever, and the ballet came in most advantageously to relieve an otherwise rather dull performance. The last scene was, as usual, gorgeous to a degree, and when the machinery gets into easy working, and the performers are more perfect in their parts, the piece, no doubt, will attract audiences, as LYCEUM burlesques usually do.

Mr. ALBERT SMITH's burlesque at the PRINCESS's is without doubt the best of the season, it is sparkling and brilliant to a degree. The plot is taken from WASHINGTON IRVING's *Tales of the Alhambra*, and though the story does not abound in incident, such advantage is taken of its capabilities, that one of the neatest extravaganzas I have seen for some time is the result of the author's tact and stage knowledge. The piece depends on the adventures of three knights, *Sir Rupert the Ready* (Mrs. KEELEY), *Sir Desperado the Dauntless* (Mr. A. WIGAN), and *Sir Toby the Timorous* (Mr. KEELEY), and the wit of a renegade *Hussien Baba* (Mr. HARLEY), who is very amusing. It would be impossible to describe the working of the story, it must be seen to be judged properly. The acting is capital; the three captive knights, each in his own way, are first-rate. There is a kind of prologue. Mrs. KEELEY is discovered in Brompton-square puzzling her brain for an Easter piece; Mr. FLEXMORE appears as *Asmodeus*, and proposes *The Alhambra*; a flight by night is the result, and Mrs. KEELEY is transported to the scene of action, and we have a beautiful panoramic view of the journey. The scenery and dresses are splendid.

At the ADELPHI, the drama of *O'Flannigan and the Fairies* has been received, preceded by *Mary Ducange*. Owing to the cloud of theatrical novelties, I have had no opportunity of visiting the ADELPHI as yet. All join, however, in lauding the Easter pieces, and pronounce Mr. HUDSON's acting very little short of his predecessor, poor TYRONE POWER.

A very cleverly written drama, in four acts, has been produced, under the direction of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, at the OLYMPIC. It emanates (I believe) from the pen of one of the best satirical writers of our day, the work of a quill, from the never-failing quiver of *Punch*. *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or, *The Widow and Her Woovers*, deserves to meet with success, it abounds in wit and humour, is for the most part well acted, and, considering the resources of the establishment, capitalily "put on the stage." In it, however, again occurs that great mistake, which must keep the benches of the OLYMPIC thinly and coldly occupied,—Mr. FARREN cannot be heard; the action, as far as regards his part, is in dumb show, worse than dumb show, as the attention is painfully attracted by an incoherent muttering, with an articulate word, I cannot go so far as to say sentence, occurring now and then. It is painful in the extreme to be obliged to speak thus of an actor who, for so many years, has enlisted the sympathies and won the praises of all playgoers. Resignation is a virtue, and I should be very much rejoiced to find Mr. FARREN seriously contemplating its practice. I return to *Sir Roger de Coverley*. There are so many good parts in the piece, that I hardly know where to begin. *Place aux dames*. Mrs. STIRLING is the widow, fat, fair, and considerably less than forty, whose fascinations have entrapped all gallant men within the circle of her gaze, from the famous *Sir Roger* himself, to *Dick Grecian* the Templar. There is every excuse for them, Mrs. STIRLING is not to be resisted when she plays young and handsome widows. Had Mr. WELLER the elder been present on Easter Monday, he would have repeated, with additional solemnity, his famous warning to his son, "Samirel, Samirel, beware of the widows." The successful rival of the fair *Lady Bellasis*, in the only affair in which her heart is affected, is her daughter,

played with admirable simplicity and archness by Miss LOUISA HOWARD. Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY, as usual, was one of the great supports of the piece, her *Gipsy Girl* was as fine a piece of acting as I should wish to see; neglected love, stung into hatred, was probably never better given than by Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY's *Mahala Stanley*. The best piece of acting in this play is Mr. COMPTON's *Will Wimble*, as he describes himself, "half gentleman, half gamekeeper." The part was played with all that quiet humour and entire freedom from anything approaching vulgarity or convention for which Mr. COMPTON is so justly famous. Mr. LEIGH MURRAY is very good as *Black Will*, the gipsy, the impetuosity of the half-reclaimed wanderer, gipsy blood breaking out at the least provocation, is very artistically and feelingly rendered. I cannot close my notice of the best parts without a word in favour of Mr. SHALDERS's *Tom Toney*, his love of litigation and fidgety warnings were admirable, and assisted the success of the piece materially. Mr. KINLOCK, as *Bob Martingale*, was also effective. *Sir Roger de Coverley* is decidedly a good drama and well worth a visit.

Mr. PHELPS has revived one of the best fairy extravaganzas that were ever written. *Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants* has risen to life again in the bills of SADLER'S WELLS, and slightly altered to suit the doings of the present time. The dragon gets, if possible, more drunk than ever; all the new bread in the city is eaten, with quite as much zest; there is as much excitement about the race as there will be on the 23rd of May; heads, legs and arms, are blown quite as high, and the audience are quite as much delighted as ever they were, when the piece first appeared at Drury Lane.

Mr. COPELAND, of Liverpool celebrity, has opened the STRAND THEATRE, under the name of "PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE." But time will not permit me to attend the opening. This company include many old established favourites, including Mr. TILBURY, J. REEVE, Miss MARSHALL, and Mrs. HENRY MARSTON. He has abolished his gallery, making it upper boxes, and the greatest improvement of all, is that he will not raise his curtain till eight, thereby giving people time to get their dinner out of their throats before going to the theatre. The pieces produced will be the works of some of the best satirical writers of the day, and will be, for the most part, of the *petit comédie* and *vaudeville* class. I am sure all playgoers will join in wishing Mr. COPELAND all the success his new plan merits.

Sir EDWARD BELWER LYTTON's play of *Money* is to be revived at the OLYMPIC on Monday, May 5, with Mr. LEIGH MURRAY in the principal character. VAUXHALL will open on the 1st of May with a grand masque. LORNETTE.

P.S.—The Strand Theatre (Punch's Playhouse) was opened on Monday evening, rather prematurely, inasmuch as there was hardly an actor engaged in the opening pieces (particularly the burlesque) who could get through three lines of his part without a "prompt." I shall decline (under such circumstances) to give any opinion as to the merits of author and actors, till I have a better opportunity of judging. Never was there such a good-natured audience assembled within the walls of any theatre, they applauded all the mistakes, and seemed to enjoy the blunders amazingly. Mr. J. REEVE's comic song (of which he did not know three lines and read from the manuscript) received an enthusiastic encore. Under the indulgence shown them the actors seemed quite at their ease, and blundered on merrily. All this is very laughable, but it will not exactly do to be repeated.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—We have much pleasure in announcing the commencement of the French Plays, which, although comparatively late in the theatrical season, is better late than never. We have frequently heard expressions of regret that Mr. MITCHELL has not deemed it prudent to open this theatre at an earlier period, and to the limited number who attend the French plays it will be tantalising to know that they will continue for one month only. We sincerely trust, however, Mr. MITCHELL will receive such support as will induce him to keep the doors open for a longer time. The engagements of *artistes* are of the best kind, M. LAFONT and M. REQUIN, have fully established their reputations in London as well as in Paris, and the principal characters filled by these accomplished actors will not fail to give satisfaction. Mdle. JUDITH and Mdle. ST. MARE, are new to the London boards, but we make no doubt that they will increase the favourable impression they made last evening. These ladies made their *début* in a piece which was brought out at the Théâtre Français, Paris, this year, entitled *Une Bataille de Dames*, a comedy of M. SCRIBE's, and his associate M. SÉGOUE. The scene is laid at a chateau where the *Countess d'Autreval* (Mdle. JUDITH) and her niece *Léonie de Villegontier* (Mdle. ST. MARE) are residing after the fall of the Empire. The *Countess*, though a staunch Royalist, affords an asylum to a Bonapartist conspirator, *Henri de Flavigneul* (M. LAFONT), who assumes a disguise and appears as the *Countess's* waiting man. The story, as may be anticipated, turns upon the plans adopted for the fugitive's concealment and safety. The *Baron de Montrieux* (M. ROGER) a Prefect of Police, pays a domiciliary visit, surrounds the house with gendarmes and instigates a search, but is foiled by the clever devices of the lady, until finally a general amnesty takes place

in which *M. de Flavigneul* participates. In the interval both the aunt and the niece have lost their hearts to the handsome footman, who has lost his own to the young *Léonie*. The piece concludes by the *Countess* magnanimously resigning her pretensions in favour of her niece. *M. REGNIER* plays a comic character of *M. Grignon*, in the most amusing manner. He is an aspirant to the hand of the *Countess*, and is employed by her in assisting to conceal the presence of *M. de Flavigneul*, although the mixture of fear and bravery in his composition interferes with the execution of his valorous intentions. The actors were much applauded at the conclusion of the play which gave general satisfaction. Two new *vaudeilles*, *Robin et Nanette*, and *L'Amour à l'Arélette* were also performed, in which *Mlle. SCHRIYANEK* appeared to great advantage. At the conclusion of the comedy, *Madame CHARTEN* sung the solos of the National Anthem.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—Two new panoramas have been opened here. One represents the *Falls of Niagara*, as seen immediately in front and on a level with them. Now for the first time have we formed any clear and accurate conception of this grandest of nature's scenes. It is beautifully painted by Mr. *SELONS*, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. *BURFORD*. The other is a panorama of *Jerusalem*, as seen from the centre of the city, an advantageous point of view exhibiting all the most remarkable objects. As a work of art it is wonderful; as a subject of interest to everybody it is unrivalled. These additions to the attractions of Leicester-square will doubtless bring to it throngs of visitors. No reader should come up from the country without going thither.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—We paid a visit to this museum a few evenings since, and were much gratified with the collection. Some of the preparations are in their natural condition, illustrating the science called embryology; others are in wax and leather, and so beautifully executed as to be difficult to distinguish from nature. The model which is named "The Anatomical Venus," admits of separation into various parts showing the general anatomy of the human frame. Other full-length figures are shown, each illustrating some fact in physiology. There are also very large models of the eye and ear. During the evening short lectures on the human structure are delivered by an English medical man. To the medical profession and to the physiological student, of whatever class, a visit to these rooms cannot fail to be interesting and profitable.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ADULTERATION OF MUSTARD.—*The Lancet* continues its exposures of the adulterations practised in articles of food. Of forty-two samples of mustard procured from various wholesale and retail dealers in the metropolis, and submitted to examination, the whole were found to be adulterated, and in every case the adulteration was the same in kind, varying only in degree, and consisted in the admixture of genuine mustard with immense quantities of wheatear flour, highly coloured with turmeric. The conclusion to which the writer in *The Lancet* arrives is, that genuine mustard is scarcely ever to be obtained, whatever be the price paid for it.

OXYGEN FROM THE ATMOSPHERIC AIR.—*M. Boussingault*, says the journal *l'Institut*, has been some time occupied in resolving the following problem:—"To extract in a state of purity, and in a considerable quantity, the oxygen gas from the azote in the atmosphere. For this purpose *M. Boussingault* has given the preference to baryte, founded on its well known property of remaining in oxygen of a moderate temperature, and abandoning it under the influence of a heat sufficiently intense. From the process which *M. Boussingault* employed, he has remarked that ten kilos. of baryte, in being completely oxidized, is able to take and to return afterwards 730 litres of gas. This is the number indicated by theory; but for celerity of operation, as far at least as can be judged up to the present, more than 600 litres can be counted on. In that limit, and in operating on 100 kilos. of matter, 6,000 litres of oxygen gas might be disengaged at each disoxidisation; four or five operations might be performed in twenty-four hours, which would thus furnish from 24,000 to 30,000 litres of gas.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.—We saw, some weeks ago, in a Pennsylvania paper, an announcement that a motive power had been discovered to supersede the use of steam. It is said that some facts have recently come to light which entitle the statement to credit. Professor *Salomon*, of Harrodsburgh, Kentucky, has successfully applied the power of carbonic acid gas as a substitute for steam in propelling engines for every purpose. The power of this gas has long been known to chymists, but their inability to regulate and govern it has prevented its use as a propelling agent. Professor *Salomon* claims to be able to control it with perfect safety, and asserts that it will afford a power equal to steam in one-fiftieth of the space, and one-hundredth part of the expense with both furnace and boilers. Experiments have recently been made in Cincinnati, which are said to be entirely satisfactory.—*Nashville (United States) Banner*.

A novel kind of paper is stated to have been produced at the mills of Mr. *Thomas H. Saunders*, of

Darenth, in Kent. It contains a water-mark portrait of the Queen, contrived, not as the ordinary water mark in mere outline hitherto used in bank-note and other paper, but so as to give the gradation of light and shade of an Indian-ink drawing, such as is seen in the porcelain pictures introduced from Germany. It is the invention of Mr. *Oldham*, the engineer of the Bank of England, and as its production involves many difficulties, an opinion is entertained that it may form a valuable addition to bank-note paper for the prevention of forgery.

MAGNETIC POWER IN MOVING AND STOPPING TRAINS.—A patent specification has been enrolled by *J. P. P. Ambenger*, of Paris, civil engineer, who claims 1. The application of magnetic power to brakes upon railways. 2. The application of magnetic power to give adhesion to wheels of carriages on rails. 3. The employment of iron filings (in making the electro-magnets) to increase the surface of contact. 4. The application of magnetic power to moving carriages as described. 5. The application and use of the said magnetic power as a motive-power as described.—*The Builder*.

The meeting of the British Association, at Ipswich, is to commence on Wednesday, July the 2nd, and extend over seven or eight days. As there will be many *savans* in England from all parts of the world during the ensuing summer, in consequence of the Great Exhibition, it is expected that this will be the most brilliant meeting the Association has ever had. The local secretaries have already received the names of several hundred intending visitors, among whom are *Lucien Bonaparte*, Prince of Canino; Sir *R. Murchison*, Sir *H. de la Beche*, Sir *W. Jardine*, Sir *C. Lyell*, Sir *D. Brewster*, Professors *Daubeny*, *Silliman* (of America), *Owen*, *Ansted*, and many other men of note.

PORTABLE GAS APPARATUS.—An apparatus, described as safe, portable, and economical, for the purpose of lighting with gas detached dwellings, artists' studios, churches and manufactories, has been invented by an ingenious American mechanic. It will occupy a space of about eight feet square, and will consume and is warranted to supply a brilliant light from grease or fat of any description, in fact, from the mere refuse of the kitchen. The gas is said to be white, and as pure as that derived from coal. The apparatus, which consists of only three pieces, will supply sufficient light for twenty-four hours at the cost of threepence-halfpenny.—*Art-Journal*.

A correspondent of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, writing from Boston under date of Dec. 11, says:—"Little of scientific or literary interest has occurred of late in and about the good city of Boston. Professor *Agassiz* returned last week from his Florida expedition, richly laden with treasures, having brought back no less than thirty-six barrels and boxes, sixteen of which contained new animals preserved in alcohol. Professor *A.* announces the region in the vicinity of Key West to be one of the most interesting localities on the globe, considered in a scientific point of view. He was there enabled to watch and trace the progress of the coral-building insect in all its stages, as it is busily engaged in extending the Peninsula of Florida, south and east. He has demonstrated that the whole of this State is of a very recent origin, composed entirely, in the southeastern part, of coral reefs, covered in the course of years by a thin layer of soil. Professor *Agassiz's* investigations have also thrown no little light upon the formations of the secondary lime-stones, which play so important a part in the geological systems of this and other countries. Professor *A.* was obliged to cut short his labours rather summarily, among the Zoophytes, Brachiopods, Algae, Gorgonia, &c., &c., by the commencement of a vexatious lawsuit for libel, which was on trial last week at Albany, New York. The alleged libel consists in a criticism on a geological map, published a year or two since with a view of being introduced into the schools of New York. The criticism, which appears to us to have been merited, effectually killed the map, and hence the suit."

NOVEL APPLICATION IN MECHANICS.—Mr. *Alfred Smee* has contrived a piece of mechanism, by which he can show the relation of any number of facts or principles inductively and deductively, and thus perform mechanically what has hitherto been thought to be the province of the mind alone. For the action of the machine, he so arranges the words that every word forms a half of the meaning of the word above it, and comprises the meaning of two words below it. By these means he obtains an arrangement of words, having the properties of a geometrical series. When the words are expressed in their proper relations upon the machine which is constructed upon the same geometrical plan with the logical readings of all, some, none, the bearings of any number of actions is indicated, and the conclusion can be read off by inspection. The discovery will not be patented.

The sum of 400*l.* has been granted by the Oxford University to the Professor of Botany towards the cost of erecting two new conservatories for the cultivation of tropical, aquatic, and orchidaceous plants.

The Duke of Brunswick and Mr. *C. Green*, the aeronaut, have made a successful trip from Hastings to Neuchâtel, near Bologne, in Mr. *Green's* balloon. The voyage was made in five hours and a half.

A mountain of carbonate of magnesia has been discovered near Goose Lake, in California, and also two or three very valuable quicksilver mines.

Meetings of Scientific Societies.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 10.—The Rev. Dr. *Spry*, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. *Birch* read a paper "On a Journey to the Land of the Sheta described in the Sallier Papyrus," by Miss *Fanny Corbaux*.—The object of this memoir was, to show that the route in question led to the country of a primeval nation called *Emim* by the Moabites, but who called themselves "children of Sheth," and are classed among the *Rephaim* by Moses, in Deut. ii., with the people of *Bashan* and *Gilead*, and the *Anakim* of *Judea*. Miss *Corbaux* supported this position by pointing out the identity of all the places described in this ancient Egyptian itinerary with known Scriptural sites.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 4.—H.R.H. Prince Albert, Vice Patron, in the chair.—"On Impressions of Rain-drops in Ancient and Modern Strata," by Sir *C. Lyell*.—Foot-prints of reptiles and birds have been observed on the surface of several ancient strata, accompanied by cracks resulting from the shrinkage of mud during desiccation; and it had been fairly inferred that the rocks bearing these marks must have been formed on a beach, between the level of high and low tide. It must therefore have been presumed that the same combination of circumstances would favour the preservation of impressions left by rain-drops, if any rain had fallen on the surface of the same strata when in a state of mud or sand. Accordingly, memorials of rain have been met with; and Sir *C. Lyell* exhibited specimens of fossil rain and hail prints, collected by Mr. *Redfield*, of New York, from the new red sandstone of triassic age in New Jersey; and other of still older date, obtained by Mr. *R. Brown* from green slabs and sandstones of the coal measures of Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia. Casts of rain-drops were first recognized in 1828 by Dr. *Buckland* on the lower surfaces of slabs of quartzose sandstone, found by Mr. *Cunningham* in the Storeton Hill quarries in Cheshire, where they are accompanied by shrinkage cracks, foot-prints of *Chierothorium*, and ripple marks. Mr. *Redfield* and Sir *C. Lyell* observed others at Newark, in New Jersey, in 1841, in red sandstone and shale; and still finer examples have been since met with at Pompton, in the same State, twenty-five miles from New York, by Mr. *Redfield*. The lecturer had also an opportunity of observing, in 1842, that a shower of rain had left numerous impressions on the mud-flats exposed at low water in estuaries communicating with the Bay of Fundy; and he afterwards obtained a collection of specimens of the hardened mud from Dr. *Webster*, of Kentville, some of which are marked by the drops of a heavy but transient shower which fell on the 21st of July, 1849. The average size of the hemispherical cavities is small, but some of them are no less than half an inch in diameter. Many of them are circular, but in some the longest diameter exceeds the shortest by one-fifth, or even one-third. They are surrounded by a small rim of mud, consisting of the matter which has been forcibly expelled from the pit by the falling drop; and this marginal rim sometimes projects as much above the plane of the stratum as the bottom of the pit extends below it. In those impressions which have been made when the wind was blowing, and when the rain fell obliquely, the cavities are not only of an oval shape, but all deeper at one end than the other.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—April 10.—Sir *P. Egerton* in the chair.—The papers read were—"On the Molecular Constitution of the Organic Bases," by Dr. *Hofmann*. "Interferem Spectrum Longitudinal et Celeritas Undularum Lucis cum in aere tum in vitro," by *T. A. Nobert*. An Extract of a Letter from Professor *Kaemtz* to Colonel *Sabine*, "On Correction of the Constants in the general theory of Terrestrial Magnetism."

GEOGRAPHICAL.—April 14.—Col. *Rawlinson* read a paper "On the Identification of the Biblical Cities of Assyria, and on the Geography of the Lower Tigris." On the authority of the cuneiform inscriptions, the city of *Nineveh* had occupied a large tract of country on the Tigris, opposite to Mosul; the tumuli and ruins at *Koyunjib*, *Nebbi*, *Junus*, *Karmoles*, and *Khursabad* marking the sites of suburbs and palaces belonging to that capital. *Nimrud*, named in the inscriptions, *Rebekha*, the Colonel identified with *Rebeboth*, and showed it to have been a suburb of the neighbouring large city of *Rosen* or *Alassar* (called by *Xenophon*, *Larissa*) as *Koyunjib* and *Khursabad* had been suburbs of *Nineveh*. *Calah*, upon *Syria* and *Talmudic* authority, he placed at *Hatra*, a city on the Tigris, at the extreme southern limit of Assyria. *Kileh Shergat*, the only other Assyrian ruin upon the river, had been a mere castle or palace, and could not, therefore, have been included in the biblical metropolitan list.

ASIATIC.—April 5.—Prof. *H. H. Wilson*, Director, in the chair. The Director read a paper by Dr. *H. M. Nicholson*, of the Bombay Establishment, on the ruined city of *Vamila-pura*.

STATISTICAL.—April 14.—Lord Overstone, President, in the chair.—"On the Sanitary Statistics of the Metropolis," by *R. T. Jopling*, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 15.—*W. Cubitt*, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion was resumed on Commander *Heath's* paper, "On the Nominal Horse-power of Steam Engines."

April 22.—"On Foundations, Natural and Artificial," by Mr. *S. Clegg*, jun.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—On the 23rd April, the twentieth ordinary meeting of the members of this

society took place at the institution, John-street, Adelphi, Mr. Henry Weigall in the chair. The secretary read a paper by Mr. W. Longmaid on new methods of treating ores and minerals. The document set forth various new processes of treating ores, as suggested by the writer, and also of manufacturing alkali. It then went on to show that works had been established at St. Helen's, Lancashire, capable of treating from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of ore annually, and similar works are in course of erection on the Tyne. When these processes (observed Mr. Longmaid) shall have come into general use the immediate advantage to the United Kingdom may be estimated at not less than a million sterling per annum. The annual production of alkali in Great Britain exceeds 120,000 tons, on which Mr. Longmaid proposed to effect a saving of at least 4s. per ton, as compared with the ordinary mode of manufacture. The quantity of silver annually lost in the copper-smelting works amounted, he said, at a moderate estimate, to 1,500,000 ounces, which he (Mr. Longmaid) would undertake to recover. The saving to be effected on the smelting charges on copper, the recovery of tin, oxide of iron and chlorine, must be enormous. A paper by Mr. George Little, on improvements in the electric telegraph, was read by the secretary. It stated that 14 years had elapsed since the principle of conveying intelligence by means of the electric telegraph was introduced, and during that period the operators had experienced great annoyance and difficulty arising from various causes, amongst which were imperfect insulation of the conducting or line wires, vibration of the needles during manipulation, defection of the needles from local causes, demagnetisation of the needles by lightning, and great trouble in adjusting the needles upon their axis. Mr. Little believed that he had surmounted these difficulties, and had rendered the cost of the instruments little more than nominal, as compared with the expenses attending those now in use.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 9.—W. Hopkins, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following communications were read:—"On the Basement Bed of the Inferior Oolite," by the Rev. P. B. Brodie. "On the Physical Geography of North America in connexion with its Geological Structure," by Sir J. Richardson. "On the Erratics of Canada," by Dr. Bigsby. A large proportion of this paper was occupied with an elaborate description of the erratic boulders and other superficial detritus occurring about the Canadian lakes and certain parts of South Hudson Bay, and of the particular directions in which the different groups of detritus have been dispersed.

LINNEAN.—April 15.—R. Brown, Esq., in the chair.—A letter was read from Mr. Kennedy, jun., describing the rock in which vegetable remains had been found at the Cape of Good Hope,—which were exhibited at the last meeting of the Society. Mr. Matchwick exhibited flowering specimens of the Tussock grass (*Dactylis caespitosa*) of the Falkland Islands, which had been grown in the Orkney Islands, from seed, by the Messrs. Lawson, of Edinburgh. The President exhibited three specimens of *Rafflesia patina*, for the purpose of showing that the *Rafflesia patina* of Blume, considered by that author as hermaphrodite, is in reality dioecious.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—April 8.—T. Wright, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. W. Camps read a paper "On the Bhagavad Gita." He stated that this paper was introductory to others relating to the Philosophy of some of the Oriental nations, as the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Persian, &c., as compared with that of the Hebrew nation, contained in some of the books of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, such as the books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, &c. The author then stated that the Bhagavad Gita, an episode of a much larger poem, contained some of the choicest specimens of the Hindoo Philosophy,—that it was originally written in the Sanscrit language, which was probably the parent of most of the Indo-European languages.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND MUSICIANS.

M. M. NOAH.

THERE were few, at least, of our city readers acquainted with the man (and most knew him), who have not received with saddened feeling the death of M. M. Noah, which occurred a short time since, in the 67th year of his age. He was generally thought to be older; for a life of constant activity before the public, pursued with the unintermitted kindness and usefulness of our late friend, for such it was our privilege to call him, fills up so many niches in our thoughts and recollections that, measured by the suggestions of ordinary men, it appears to be long in comparison. His life was familiar to the public from his boyhood—for it was his fortune in politics, in office, in the press, in the numerous city organizations, the theatre, the opera, the concert-room, as a leading member of his Ancient Faith, to become identified with New York and a part of its historic growth. His politics afforded topics of comment and criticism; but no one that we have ever listened to questioned the goodness of his heart or the prompt kindness of the man. There was a genial facility of temperament which smoothed all the asperities of those adverse fortunes and trials by which life and reputation were sometimes, among the men whom he met in his career, sorely harassed; but the friendly interpretation

in the numerous columns of the press filled with the writings of Major Noah, was never wanting. In his course as an editor this kindness of character seemed to pervade his style. It was the smooth, easy, elegant reflex of the man—facile, humorous, abounding in wit and *bonhomie*—never tiring, never exhausted. It had no pretensions to the profound in speculation, but its general tolerance and common sense were frequently allied to feeling "deep as the centre." In his youth, Major Noah published a book of Travels in Barbary, which is worth reading to this day. The enumeration of his folios of the press, their changes and associations, would probably fill a column.—*New York Literary World*.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

I. OF BOOKS, &c.

THE copyright of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* was sold last week by public auction for the sum of 9,500l., at which price it was knocked down to Messrs. Longman and Co.—M. Guizot has commenced a series of biographical sketches of men who figured in the English revolution of 1640. The life of Ludlow has appeared as the first of this series.—Among the books recently published in Paris is one entitled *Reflexions sur mes Entretiens avec M. le Duc de la Vauguyon*,—supposed to be from the pen of Louis the Sixteenth while yet only Dauphin.—Lamartine's new work—*History of the Restoration*—has been purchased by an union of publishers, who are endeavouring to counteract the ruinous system of piracy pursued in Belgium and Germany. All such efforts tend towards the attainment of international copyright.—The political writings of the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, the actual President of the Piedmontese Council of Ministers, have just been prohibited in Tuscany.—A recent inquiry shows that there are published in the State of New York no less than 458 newspapers, of which 56 are issued daily. One of each, it is said, to be sent forward to the Industrial Exposition.—A Select Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to inquire into the present state and operation of the law relative to newspaper stamps; also into the law and regulations relative to the transmission of newspapers and other publications by post, and to report their opinion thereon to the House.—In connection with the delay in the publication of Mr. Roebuck's *History of the Whigs*, which was advertised as about to appear more than a month ago, *The Leader* states that a rumour is current to the following effect:—Among Mr. Roebuck's materials were some important private letters of the late Earl Grey, placed at his disposal by a noble legal lord to whom they had been addressed, and that, at the last hour, an impediment was thrown in the way of the publication of the book by a peremptory objection made to the use of these letters by another noble lord, who, as the representative of the late Earl, possesses a copyright over them. Whether the report is strictly authentic, we cannot say; another cause assigned for the delay of the appearance of the book being Mr. Roebuck's ill health.—*The Literary Gazette*, like all other literary property, has been subjected to fluctuations, in which its editor has been necessarily involved. For some years it was pre-eminent amongst many rivals, and was then a valuable property to the partners who possessed it, and to whose trading connections and influence much of its celebrity was owing. At the time referred to Messrs. Longman and Co. had one-third share, Mr. Colburn another, and the editor the remainder; and their profits were very great, arising from the extensive sale of the work and the high charges for advertisements. Many of the rivals it created were short-lived, and failed to affect its popularity; but one became powerful by its low price and the daring expenditure and energy of its proprietor. Hence that acquired a large circulation, whilst the *Literary Gazette* gradually lost ground. The two great publishing establishments resigned their shares, but the original editor continued for many years to struggle against increasing difficulties, till the close of last year, when he was compelled to leave it.—We learn from a Constantinople letter of the 15th ult., in the *Risorgimento* of Turin, that public attention has been greatly excited there, by the discovery of an immense treasure of Greek manuscripts, of the highest antiquity, found by a learned Greek of the name of Simonides, in a cave situated at the foot of Mount Athos. According to this account, the importance of this discovery is incalculable, since it brings to light a vast quantity of celebrated works quoted by various ancient writers, and hitherto deemed entirely lost. They furnish, as may be imagined, an extensive list of proper names, calculated to throw great light upon many obscure periods of history. Among these precious volumes, which are composed of very thin membranes (the nature of which is not stated), filled with characters; some are calculated to give a complete interpretation of hieroglyphic writing, the fortunate discoverer having already successfully applied them to the interpretation of the inscriptions engraved on the obelisk of the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

II. OF LITERARY MEN.

The Lord Mayor has announced a series of receptions at the Mansion-house, of "the literati and scientific men of this country and the Continent."—Don Manuel Escando and the Honourable Mr. Goodrich, "Peter Parley," the former on a financial mission from

Mexico to London, arrived at Liverpool in the *Arctic* on Monday week.—The Rev. J. Garbett, A.M., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Rector of Clayton, Sussex, is advanced to the Archdeaconry of Chichester, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. H. E. Manning.—The eminent German lecturer, Professor Kinkel, is now delivering in London a course of lectures upon the history and present position of the Drama in Europe.—The Paris newspaper, "Le Pays," is now under the direction of M. de Lamartine.—The *Assemblée Nationale* has become the property of MM. Guizot, Duchâtel, Dumon, and Salvandy.—A New York writer publishes the following pungent sketches of two distinguished English authors, Douglas Jerrold, and J. B. Macaulay:—"Douglas Jerrold, a well known contributor to *Punch*, and editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp and angular, and his eye is of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and with keen sensibility he often writes under the impulse of the moment articles which his cooler judgment condemns. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the internal application of Adam's ale. His Caudle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and grandfather."—"The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects: all else, except the voice (which is monotonous and very disagreeable), is certainly in his favour. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food."—The churchwardens of St. Clement Dances, London, having satisfactorily ascertained that a seat in the pew numbered 18, in the north gallery of that church, was regularly occupied for many years by the great moralist, have caused a neat brass tablet recording the fact to be affixed in a conspicuous position to the pillar against which the doctor must often have reclined. The inscription on the tablet is from the pen of Dr. Croly, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and is as follows:—"In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born 1709; Died 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Dances have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851."—Mrs. Pfeiffer, a native of Vienna, has lately returned, after having visited alone and unaided many parts of the world. After visiting Palestine and Egypt, Scandinavia and Iceland, she landed in Brazil, penetrated the primitive forests, and lived among the natives; from Valparaiso she traversed the Pacific to Otaheite, thence to China, Singapore, Ceylon, Hindostan, to the caves of Adjunta and Ellora to Bombay, whence she sailed up the Tigris to Bagdad, and then entered upon the arduous journey to Babylon, Nineveh, and into Kurdistan; passing into the Caucasus, she embarked for Constantinople, visiting Greece in her way home to Germany. Mrs. Pfeiffer has fulfilled the duties of a wife and mother, and yielding to her travelling disposition after her family had become independent. She is at present staying in London.—A meeting was held on Monday se'night, in the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. B. E. Cabbell, M.P., in the chair, to consider of the best means of testifying public respect to Mr. W. Jerdan, for the constant and great services he has rendered to the literature, science, and art of this country, as editor of *The Literary Gazette*, during the long period from its establishment in 1817 to the close of last year. The meeting was well attended by gentlemen connected with literature and science, who all entered warmly into the objects for which they were assembled. It was determined to raise a subscription, to form a fund for the purpose of rendering Mr. Jerdan's declining years as comfortable as possible, and a committee was formed for carrying this object into effect, containing most of the leading names of the literature of the day, such as Bulwer, Dickens, Hallam, Lockhart, Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, Lover, Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, Forster, Bell, Mackay, Swain, &c.; among artists, Maclise, Stanfield, Barry, Cruikshank, and Durham; in science, Murchison, Forbes, Grove, Captain Smyth, Francis Ainsworth, and others, with a good sprinkling of nobility and members of Parliament. Mr. Joseph Arden was appointed treasurer, and Mr. Thomas Wright and Mr. John Shillinglaw undertook the duties of honorary secretaries.

III. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has resolved, on the recommendation of M. Passy, to depute two of their members (MM. Blanqui and Michel Chevalier) to visit the Exposition in London, and to make a report on any remarkable facts which may be interesting to the professors of political economy.—

A few nights ago Sir George Grey announced in the House of Commons that St. Paul's showman would vacate his office on the 1st of May:—from that date the national Cathedral will be open to the public without the old tax of twopence each visitor. This change, however, will open only the great area of the Cathedral.

—A public meeting was held at Willis's-rooms, on Wednesday week, with the view of forming a district Literary and Scientific Association for the parishes of St. James's, Westminster, St. Ann's Soho, and St. Paul's, Covent-garden.—The first representation of Sir E. B. Lytton's new comedy, written in furtherance of the scheme to endow a society or guild for the benefit of Literary men and Artists, was to take place, in presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, at Devonshire-house, Piccadilly, on yesterday evening, the 30th of April. The comedy, which is in five acts, is entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem; or Many Sides to a Character." The scene of the play is London, in the reign of George I.; the characters are numerous—from sixteen to twenty in all; and are to be borne by Messrs. Frank Stone, Dudley Costello, Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, F. W. Topham, Peter Cunningham, Westland Marston, R. H. Horne, Charles Knight, Wilkie Collins, John Tenniel, Robert Bell, Augustus Egg, &c. A new moveable theatre has been erected for the purpose at Devonshire-house. The comedy will afterwards be performed in public; and the promoters of the scheme are sanguine of its success. Mr. MacIse has offered to paint a picture (the subject to be connected with the performance of the comedy), and to place it at the disposal of the guild, for the augmentation of its funds.—The Queen's advisers, in deference to general opinion, determined that the opening of the Great Exhibition should be of a public character, and conducted with the solemnities usual on great State occasions. At nine o'clock, on the morning of this day, the east, south, and west doors will be thrown open to the holders of season tickets, who will be allowed to take their places in the galleries, or on the floor in any part, excepting a portion of the nave and transept, which will be reserved for the accommodation of the Royal party. A platform, with a chair of state, will be raised in the north transept under the green area of the great beech tree, and in front of it the Royal Commissioners, the Foreign Ambassadors, the Ministers of Church and State will assemble at half-past eleven; when the Royal procession—coming from Buckingham Palace—by way of Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner and Rotten Row—will arrive at the northern door. When the Queen is seated in the chair of state, the great organ and a choir of voices will strike up the National Anthem: after which the Royal Commission will present a short report and the *corps diplomatique* an address. The Archbishop of Canterbury will recite a prayer, and the Commissioners will conduct Her Majesty round the main avenues:—the great organs in the building taking up the peal of triumph as the procession nears them. When the circuit of the area is completed, the Queen will declare "The Exhibition Opened!"—and the fact will be announced to the world outside by a flourish of trumpets and the firing of a royal salute from the northern bank of the Serpentine. The barriers which roll off the nave will then be thrown down,—and the public allowed to circulate.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELEPHANT CALF AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The female elephant, which was first exhibited by the Zoological Society a few days since, was taken by the natives who captured her to the fair at Cawnpore at the end of August, 1850; she was then heavy with young, and was purchased by Mr. Wallace, a Calcutta horse-dealer, who for several years has frequented the native fairs of Bengal in the prosecution of business. During the journey towards Calcutta Mr. Wallace made a halt of three weeks in the month of September, and the elephant then gave birth to the healthy little calf which is now at her side. Within a very few minutes after that event the calf, which is said then to have weighed about half a hundred weight, stood up and began to suck. This operation is performed in a very singular manner. The udder of the elephant is situated between the fore legs, and the calf assists himself with his trunk in placing the teat in his lips at the side of his mouth. He sucked several times a-day during the journey down to Calcutta, the keeper generally halting twice or three times in the course of each morning's march for the purpose of permitting him to take nourishment. At that time the calf was not able to walk more than a mile in each march, and was therefore carried in a cart. The mother came close behind it, and generally caressed her offspring with her trunk as they moved along, as if to assure herself of his safety. The fatigue of the march probably diminished the mother's supply, and the keeper found it necessary to add to the nourishment of the calf by a certain quantity of zebu milk, which he readily took, and which agreed with him perfectly. Arrived at Calcutta, the elephants were sold, and shipped immediately on board the *Wellesley*, Captain Parish, where the calf grew rapidly, notwithstanding the inconveniences to which live stock of such magnitude are necessarily subjected at sea. The mother suffered considerably in condition in consequence of the fatigue which she has undergone, but is now improving under

more succulent diet, and will probably, in a few weeks, be as sleek and well furnished with flesh as if she had never left the jungle. The natives who saw the calf on the march to Calcutta regarded it with great interest, as there is no recent instance, if any, of these animals breeding in domestication; and, consequently, a sucking elephant is almost as rare a sight in the neighbourhood of Calcutta as the hippopotamus was to the Alexandrians. The present instance is certainly the first in which so young an animal of this species has ever reached Europe; and, considering the combination of circumstances which is necessary to obtain one, the acquisition of it must be regarded as a most fortunate event even in the fine collection of the Zoological Society.

THE INDIANS OF HUMBOLDT.—We have been informed by a gentleman of intelligence and observation, of some interesting facts relative to the Indians in the vicinity of Eureka, on Humboldt Bay. The men go entirely unclothed, all the females slightly clothed. The latter are said to be vestals in point of virtue. The dead are buried after the manner of Christian burials. Formerly a spot of ground in the immediate vicinity of Eureka was their burying ground. At present they bury their dead further up the bay, whither they transport the deceased in a canoe, followed by a long line of others, the train of mourners chanting the Indian dirge, while they paddle their slight crafts along the waters to the final resting place. A grave is dug, a redwood plank or board placed upon the bottom, one at the head, another at the foot, one on each side. The body is then deposited, a plank placed above, and then the grave filled with earth, heaped up and rounded after our manner, leaving the boards at the head and feet, like two grave stones. They are said to be worshippers of the Sun. In the morning the old men or chief go down to the bay, sit down in the water, when the young men pour sand upon their heads, after which it is washed off. They keep Sunday religiously, and will not visit the white settlements on that day, from which circumstance our informant thinks that California is the land of Ophir of Solomon. He says they could not have derived their religious belief from the Jesuits or Franciscan friars, as they never dwell there. But this would not account for their keeping Sunday, instead of the Sabbath of the Jews.—*Alta California*.

STRANGE CASE.—A few days ago, a horse belonging to Mr. William Ridsdale, farmer of Rowley, near Wetherby, suddenly became ill and died. After death a living snake, 18 inches long, was taken from the animal's stomach.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

There is a custom in Turkey which proves the high importance the Musselman attaches to education. The first day that one of their children enters school is a day of great rejoicing; there is a family *fete*, at which all the friends of the house assist. There has been lately such a *fete* celebrated at the residence of Ali Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs. His eldest son, aged five years, has been sent to school, and on the occasion the Grand Vizir, all the Ministers and high functionaries, attended at the house of Ali Pacha, in order to participate in the family *fete*, and to express to the chief of the house the sympathies of which he is in every respect so worthy.—*Galignani*.

A very interesting discovery, says the *New York Evening Post*, according to a Chicago paper, has recently been made among the manuscripts which were saved from the pillage of the Jesuit's College in Quebec. It is well known by those familiar with the resources of early American history, that the publication of the Jesuit Relations which furnish so much of interest in regard to the discovery and early exploration of the region bordering on our northern lakes, was discontinued after the year 1672. Some were known to have been written, but the manuscripts were supposed to be lost. The Relations from 1672 to 1679 inclusive have lately been discovered; and among them a manuscript containing a full account of the voyages of Father Marquette, and of the discovery by him of the Mississippi river.

The *Courier* states that a surgeon in the U. S. army recently desired to know the most common cause of enlistments. By permission of the captain of the company, containing fifty-five, on a pledge never to disclose the name of any officer or private except as a physical or metaphysical fact, the true history was obtained of every man. On investigation it appeared that nine tenths enlisted on account of female difficulty; thirteen of them had changed their names, and forty-three were either drunk, or partially so, at the time of their enlistment. Most of them were men of fine talents and learning, and about one third had once been in elevated stations in life. Four of them had been lawyers, three doctors, and two ministers.

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE IN PARIS.—An examination of 9,000 official reports relative to suicides which have been committed in Paris during a period of thirty-four years affords the following results: 1. The philosophical, or premeditated suicide, takes place at night and a little before dawn; the accidental suicide occurs during the day, that being the period when its occasional causes are developed, such as bad news, losses, &c. Each age has its peculiar method of terminating life. Young men and those in the prime of life generally have recourse to firearms; children,

women, and old men most commonly destroy themselves by hanging or suffocation. The following table, which has been carefully drawn up, shows the methods of suicide most generally resorted to at the various periods of life:—

	By firearms.	By hanging and suffocation.
From 10 to 20	61	63
From 20 to 30	283	51
From 30 to 40	182	94
From 40 to 60	161	256
From 60 to 70	126	235
From 70 to 80	35	108
From 80 to 90	2	—

The average number of suicides annually committed in Paris is 300. It has been established by authentic documents, collected by the Prefecture of the Seine, that of 511 ascertained suicides, 65 have been by means of voluntary falls from great heights, 66 by strangulation, 45 by pointed and cutting instruments, 48 by firearms, 31 by poison, 86 by asphyxia from charcoal vapour, 170 by drowning. The causes leading to the act are distributed as follows:—100 from love or wounded affections; 148 from disease, disgust of life, &c.; 69 from an evil course of life, loss at play; 100 from distress, loss of employment, embarrassed affairs; from unknown motives.—*Journal des Debats*.

THE FUN OF THE TIME.

LIFE.—A modern philosopher has apportioned man's full existence as follows:—

Seven years in childhood's sport and play . . .	7
Seven years in school from day to day . . .	14
Seven years at a trade or college life . . .	21
Seven years to find a place and wife . . .	28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given . . .	35
Seven years to business hardly driven . . .	42
Seven years for some, a wild goose chase . . .	49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race . . .	56
Seven years for hoarding for your heir . . .	63
Seven years in weakness spent and care . . .	70
Then die and go—you should know where!	

DOMESTIC TUTOR.—*Long Division*.—T'urns in a baker's cake.—*Short Division*.—T'space between a miser's purse and his heart.—*Cumpanad Addishan*.—An owd laidy at tacks snuff an hez her cloaze scented it bargain. *Proporoshan*.—A woman lettin hur waist grow summat like wot water intended it an not squeeze it wal its na thicker then t'deck ov a shampain bottle. *Exchange*.—Two wimmin differin, and tellin wun anuther all they naw. *Discent*.—A milkseller takin t'cream off and then warmin t'owd milk up an sellin hiz customers it for new. *Invoices*.—A woman at tawks more in-door then aght. *Profit and loss*.—A man at swaps a good horse for a bad an, and gies summit to boot. *Promiscas Examples*.—A man tackin hiz bairns to a plaice a wurship, nobbat when t'fit tacks him. *Triangles*.—A winter-edge stuck befor t'fire on a rainy day. *Squares*.—A Yorksher puddin when it's put upat dinner table. *Evolushans*.—A man goin raand abagit to get into his nabor's affairs. *Rule a Three*.—A lodgin house bed. *Collecshan ov Questions*.—A Quaker, for heze allas axin qeshans but niver ansers wun. *Single Posishan*.—An owd maid, poor thing. *Bookkeepin*.—Borrain wun ov a friend and never tacking him it back again.—*Pogmoor Almanac*.

AN UNPUBLISHED VERSE OF BURNS.—The *Glasgow Citizen* says:—When Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's Dream. After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verse on the back of a little sketch, which is still preserved in the painter's family.—

Dear—, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the d—l.
To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

CUNNINGHAM.—Lately, in India, Captain J. D. Cunningham, one of the sons of Allan Cunningham, and himself known for his "History of the Sikhs." It will be recollected that the book threw some new light on the conduct of Lord Hardinge at Sobraon, and that the writer was dismissed from the Political Agency of Bhopaul, on the charge of having, "without authority," published documents officially intrusted to his charge. The friends of Captain Cunningham aver that he had formally asked permission, and he construed the reply to be an expression of indifference on the part of the Directors. His death is supposed to have been hastened by the sense of injustice and dishonour.

DICKENS.—On the 14th April, very suddenly, Dora, the infant daughter of Charles Dickens.

KOCKKOCK.—At Amsterdam, aged 72, M. Kockkock, a marine painter of eminence, father of the distinguished landscape painter of the same name.

STEPHENS.—Lately, in Australia, Mr. John Stephens, editor and proprietor of *The Adelaide Observer*, and of *The South Australian Register*.

TARVER.—On the 16th April, Mr. J. C. Tarver, who for a quarter-of-a-century had filled the situation of French

master at Eton College. Our readers are aware that at that celebrated school Prince Albert has founded prizes for proficiency in modern languages. Mr. Tarver, from his ability and acquirements, was eminently qualified to carry out such improvements in the system of education at Eton as this wise liberality on the part of the Prince pointed to as a necessity. Mr. Tarver is well known as the author of several standard elementary works. His "French and English Phraseological Dictionary," has given him a high reputation.

WAHLBERG.—At Stockholm, aged 71, the distinguished botanist and geologist, M. Goeren-Wahlenberg, Professor at the University of Upsal, and director of the botanical garden in the same institution. M. Wahlenberg is stated to have spent thirty out of his seventy-one years, in scientific journeys throughout the different countries of Europe; and the results of these travels, he has recorded in a variety of learned works. M. Wahlenberg has left his rich collection and numerous library to the University of Upsal; in which he was a student, and to which he has been attached in various capacities during upwards of forty-three years.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

COPYRIGHT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS.—The entire copyright of the above, comprising the novels, poetry, prose writings, as well as the life of Sir Walter, by Lockhart, with the steel plates, wood-cuts, and stereotype plates belonging thereto, were yesterday offered for sale at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill, by Mr. Hodgson, on account of the trustees of the late Mr. Robert Cadell. The conditions of sale stipulated that the purchaser of the above should take the remaining stock, in the hands of the publishers, at the sum of 10,109*l.*, or at a price to be determined upon by referees. It was stated by the auctioneer, that the sale of the "Waverley Novels" during the last two years had amounted to 71,000 volumes. The biddings commenced at 5,000*l.* and advanced to 14,500*l.*; and the property was eventually bought in by the trustees. The sale was attended by the leading men in the trade.

Books, Music, and Works of Art

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From April 1, to May 1, 1851.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. H. BAILLIÈRE.
Blakeley's Historical Sketch of Logic.

From Mr. H. COLBURN.
Second Love. 3 vols.
Memoir of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries. 2 vols.
Diary of Samuel Pepys. Vols. IV. and V.
Caleb Field. 1 vol.

From Mr. T. C. NEWBY.
Catherine Erlaf. 3 vols.

From Mr. H. G. CLARKE and Co.
London as it is To-day.

From Mr. W. SHORER.
The Three Trials of Lölde, &c. By Calder Campbell.
The Eve of the Deluge. By the Hon. and Rev. W. Stuart.

From Messrs. RUTHERFORD.
The Bleeding Heart.
No Condemnation.

From Messrs. NISBET and Co.
The Woman and the Dragon.
The Death and Resurrection of the Two Witnesses.
New-Year's Gift for Children.

From Messrs. WERTHEIM and MACINTOSH.
A Letter to the Rev. G. B. Elliott, A.M.

From Mr. JAMES DARLING.
Supplement on the Doctrine and Discipline of the Greek Church.

From Mr. GEORGE BELL.
Hughes's Continuation of the History of England, 1760 to 1837. 7 vols.

From Messrs. ROUTLEDGE and Co.
Franklin and the Arctic Regions.
Whitefriars; or the Days of Charles II. (Railway Library.)
The Great Exhibition.

From Messrs. SMITH, ELDER and Co.
Odes of Petrarch.

From Mr. H. G. BORN.
Account of Gillray's Caricatures. By Wright and Evans.
The Cape and the Kathirs. By S. Barrett and H. Ward.
Homer Literally Translated. By S. A. Buckley.

From Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.
Process of Thought, adapted to Words and Language.
Parent's Great Commission.
Sixty Lectures on the several portions of the Psalms.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD.
Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past Half-Century.

From Mr. D. NUTT.
A New Greek Delectus. By the Rev. H. C. Adams.

From Messrs. CRADDOCK.
Soldiers of the Cross; or Scenes and Events from the Time of the Crusades.

From Mr. CHARLES WESTERN.
Belgravia. A Poem.
Speech of Sir Robert Peel on Papal Aggression.

From Mr. EDWARDS.
Advice from the Tomb.

From Mr. PICKERING.
The Word of Counsel.
Euphrone. A Dialogue on Youth.
Stories that Might be True. By Dora Greenwell.

From Messrs. WHITTAKER and Co.
Louis's School Days. A Story for Boys. By E. J. May.
Advice on the Management of Children in Early Infancy.

From Mr. JAMES RIDGWAY.
Cape of Good Hope Government and Policy considered.
Our Heartless Policy. By an Etonian.

From Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
National Cyclopædia. Vol. XII.

From Messrs. CHAPMAN and Co.
Poems. By W. C. Bennett.

From Mr. CHARLES GILPIN.
Voices from the Crowd. By C. Mackay.

From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.
Christian Aspect of Faith and Duty.
St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, &c. By J. H. Thom.

From Mr. CLAYTON.
Thoughts on the Nature of Man.

From Mr. MASTERS.
Benefit Club Sermons.

From Messrs. TAYLOR and Co.
Letters on Animal Magnetism.

From Messrs. RIVINGTONS.
Lays of Palestine.
The Parson's Home.

From Mr. E. MOXON.
Hartley Coleridge's Poems. 2 vols.

From Mr. BOSWORTH.
Willmott's Pleasures, &c. of Literature.

From Messrs. BOSEY and Co.
Five Pieces of Music.

From Messrs. HOULSTON and STONEMAN.
Family Pastime.

From Mr. JOHN LEE.
The Village Muse.

From Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE and Sons.
Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains.

From Mr. C. MITCHELL.
Newspaper Press Directory.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Potgiessens de Conditione et Stater Serrorum assid Germanos.
8vo. Col. Agrip. 1718.
Behmen's Mysterious Magnum; or, an Exposition of Genesis.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS.—NEW DISCOVERY.—THE ORGANIC VIBRATOR, an extraordinarily powerful, small, newly invented instrument, for deafness, entirely different from all others, to surpass anything of the kind that has been, or probably ever can be, produced. It is modelled to the ear, so that it rests within, without projecting. Being of the same colour as the skin, is not perceptible. Enables deaf persons to enjoy general conversation, to hear distinctly at church, and at public assemblies. The unpleasant sensation of singing noises in the ears is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that possibly could be desired. Invaluable newly-invented SPECTACLES. The most powerful Telescopes, Opera and Race Glasses. Also, a very small powerful waistcoat Pocket Glass, only the size of a walnut, to discern minute objects at the distance of from four to five miles.—S. & B. SOLOMONS, Aurists and Opticians, 39, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.

CURES FOR THE UNCURED.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—CURE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM OF FOUR YEARS' STANDING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. John Pitt, Dudley, 19th Jan., 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I write to thank you for the benefit I have received from your Pills and Ointment, which have completely cured me of the Rheumatism under which I suffered for these last four years; at times I was so bad as hardly to be able to walk. I had tried every kind of medicine that was recommended without receiving any benefit. I at last thought I would give your medicines a trial, and purchased from Mr. Hollin, Chemist, of this town, two Boxes of Pills, and two of Ointment, and in three weeks, through them and the blessing of God, I was restored to health and strength, and am now as well able to walk as ever I was in my life. I am well known in this parish, having been sixty-five years in it, with an exception of ten years I served in the 24th regiment of foot.

(Signed) JOHN PITT.

CURE OF A DESPERATE CASE OF RINGWORM, OF SIX YEARS' STANDING.

Lima, 13th of November, 1849.

One of the most eminent Surgeons in Lima (the capital of Peru) had a child covered with Ringworm for more than six years; in vain he exhausted all his art in his endeavours to effect a cure. Not succeeding, he consulted among his brethren, the most celebrated medical practitioners of the City, but nothing was found to do the child service, when he was persuaded by Mr. Joseph P. Hague, the English Chemist and Druggist, residing at No. 74, Calle de Palacio, to try HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment, which was done, and after using six large Pots of the Ointment, with a proportion of the Pills, the child was radically cured, to the surprise of the whole medical profession. The name of the parent, from motives of Celicity, is withheld.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar, London); and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicine throughout the Civilized World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1*s.* 1*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, 22*s.* and 33*s.* each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes,

BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING
INK, the original, and by far the best, requiring no preparation, offers the surest means of protection for every variety of household linen and wearing apparel against loss or mistake, for which reason be careful to ask for the genuine article, prepared by the inventor, JOHN BOND, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield, City.—Sold by most chemists, stationers, and medicine vendors. Price 1*s.* a bottle.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

GREAT EXHIBITION ALMANAC
for 1851. Containing a View of the Building erecting in Hyde-park, and a full account of every thing connected with it, in ENGLISH, FRENCH, and GERMAN; also how to visit in Six Days the whole of the Gratuitous Exhibitions in London, its principal Squares, Streets, Churches, &c.; with the Cab Fares, and other necessary information. Published by ROSS and SONS, Perruquiers, Perfumers, Hair Cutters, and Hair Dyers, who solicit attention to their British and Foreign Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Dressing Cases, Strops, Cutlery (particularly their Registered Guard Razor, which prevents any one cutting himself), Hair Dye, Ornamental Hair, &c. Price of the Almanac 6*d.*; and will be sent free on receipt of eight postage stamps; likewise of all Booksellers and Newsmen.

Address—Ross and Sons, 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, London.

CARPETS.—ROYAL VICTORIA

FELT CARPETING. The present period being peculiarly one of economy, the public should purchase this description of Carpeting, the advantages being durability, beauty, and novelty of design, imperviousness to dust, brilliancy of colouring, style equal to Brussels, and at a cost of half the price. Purchasers are cautioned against spurious imitations, the Felt Carpeting being always stamped "Royal Victoria Carpeting." It can be procured at all the respectable Carpet Houses in London and its vicinity, and in all the principal Towns in the United Kingdom.

The Patent Woollen Cloth Company also manufacture Table Covers, Embossed and Printed, of the newest possible designs, and in every variety of style and colour; thick Felt for Polishing Plate Glass, Steel, Marble, Tortoiseshell, &c., &c., likewise for Veterinary purposes; Felt Waistcoatings, Cloth for Coach and Railway Carriage Linings, Upholsterers, &c., &c.; Piano Felts.

Manufactories, Elmwood Mills, Leeds, and Borough-road, London. Wholesale Warehouses at 8, Love-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside.

SASSAFRAS CHOCOLATE.—Dr.

DE LA MOTTE'S Nutritive, Health Restoring, AROMATIC CHOCOLATE, prepared from the nuts of the Sassafras tree. This Chocolate contains the peculiar virtues of the Sassafras root, which has been long held in great estimation for its purifying and alterative properties. The aromatic quality (which is very grateful to the stomach) most invalids require for breakfast and evening repast to promote digestion, and to a deficiency of this property in the customary breakfast and supper may in a great measure be attributed the frequency of cases of indigestion generally termed bilious. It has been found highly beneficial in correcting the state of the digestive organs, &c., from whence arise many diseases, such as eruptions of the skin, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In cases of debility of the stomach and a sluggish state of the liver and intestines, occasioning flatulence, costiveness, &c., and in spasmodic asthma, it is much recommended. Sold in pound packets by the Patentee, 12, Southampton-street, Strand, London, price 4*s.* Also by appointed Agents, Chemists, and others, throughout the United Kingdom.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

Mr. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR, or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication: and that Mr. Howard's improvements may be within the reach of the most economical, he has fixed his charges at the lowest scale possible. Decayed Teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

—Upwards of Forty Years' experience has fully confirmed the superior reputation of these Lozenges, in the cure of Asthma, Winter Cough, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, and other Pulmonary Maladies. They have deservedly obtained the high patronage of their Majesties the King of Prussia, and the King of Hanover; very many also of the Nobility and Clergy, and of the Public generally, use them, under the recommendation of some of the most eminent of the Faculty. They have immediate influence over the following cases:—Asthmatic and Consumptive Complaints, Coughs, Shortness of Breath, Hoarseness, &c., &c.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1*s.* 1*d.*, and tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

Important Testimonials.

"St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.

"SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
"To Mr. Keating." "THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral."

Copy of Letter from Dr. Locock to Mr. Keating.

"26, Hertford-street, May Fair, February 17, 1851.

"SIR,—In reply to your enquiry, I have no hesitation in assuring you that the Pulmonic Wafers, Female Wafers, Antibilious Wafers, or Female Pills, that have so often been advertised with my name, are not mine, nor do I know anything of their composition, nor have I anything whatever to do with them, either directly or indirectly.
"To Mr. Keating." "Your obedient servant,
"79, St. Paul's Church-yard." "CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D."

MR. NEWBY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.
Now ready, in Three Vols.,

VALETTA.

A Novel, by the Author of "Denton Hall."

II.
In Three Vols.,

CATHERINE ERLOF.

A Novel, By Mrs. STEWARD, Author of "The Prediction," "The Mascarenhas."

"It is an impassioned, elegantly written story."—*Daily News Express*.

"The historical and social elements of this novel have both freshness and interest—they carry the reader among men, actions, and scenery that are not hacknied."—*Spectator*.

"Her descriptions glow with splendour."—*Sunday Times*.

"The plot is unfolded with admirable skill."—*Dispatch*.

"Worthy of James's best descriptions."—*Britannia*.

III.

Now ready, in Three Vols.,

FERNLEY MANOR;

A NOVEL, By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIELS, Author of "My Sister Minnie," "Our Guardian," &c.

"Is a rare combination of talent and taste."—*Britannia*.

"The story throughout is irresistibly attractive."—*Naval and Military*.

"A story of no common interest—the plot being woven with a power of invention that will surprise the patrons of English novels."—*Critic*.

"Exhibits Mrs. Daniels' wonted fervour, grace of manner, with more of substance in the story."—*Spectator*.

IV.

BERTHA;

A ROMANCE OF THE DARK AGES.

"This is an extraordinary work; one of great power in several respects. It is strong, fluent, copious in language, facile and varied in style, rich and recondite in research, and brimful of incident."—*Observer*.

V.

HENRY SMEATON;

A JACOBITE ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

A thousand beauties await the readers of 'Henry Smeaton.'—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

VI.

In One Vol., 10s. 6d.

SCENES FROM ITALIAN LIFE.

By L. MARIOTTI. Author of "Italy, Past and Present."

"A master-piece of bold delineation."—*Daily News Express*.

"It is no slight praise to Mariotti to say that in glowing vigour and vehemence of style he offers a fair rivalry to Victor Hugo."—*Atlas*.

VII.

WARKWORTH CASTLE;

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

"The book is what might have been expected from a disciple of Mr. G. P. R. James—it is not unlikely to find a numerous circle of admirers."—*Daily News Express*.

VIII.

Second Edition,

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

By Lord B.—

"A very clever novel."—*Spectator*.

"A novel of the highest order—a novel that ought to be read by all grades of society."

"The work has great interest."—*Daily News Express*.

"It will excite the deepest interest in all who peruse it. We have read it with intense pleasure."—*Sunday Times*.

"A book for the politician to study and for the statesman to be guided by."—*Morning Herald*.

"The author wields an eloquent pen."—*Critic*.

IX.

Shortly,

Talvi's History of The Colonization of America.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

X.

Price 7s. 6d.,

The Age of Peter the Great.

By IVAN GOLOVINE.

Author of "The Russian Sketch Book," &c.

XI.

Two Vols. in One, price 15s.,

Supernatural Illusions.

Printed uniform with "The Night Side of Nature," by Mrs. CROWE, to which it will form a Sequel.

XII.

In Two Vols., price 21s.,

THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE

DURING ITS LATE REVOLUTIONARY CRISIS.

By WILLIAM PEAKE, Esq.

XIII.

In Three Vols. (Just ready).

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

A Novel, by the Author of "Sir Arthur Bouverie," "Lady Granard's Nieces,"

NEW WORKS.

CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF FAITH

and DUTY. DISCOURSES by JOHN JAMES TAYLOR, B.A. Post 8vo. cloth, price 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS: Spiritual Hunger and Thirst—Man's Ascent to God—God's Descent to Man—Christ the Mediator—The Harmony of the Divine and Human in Christ—The Distinctive and Permanent in Christianity—The Footsteps of Christ—The Veil taken from the Heart—The Coincidence of General and Special Providence—The True Expression of Human Brotherhood—Faith the Assurance of the Soul—The Spirit of the Commandments and the Spirit of Life—The Blessing of Sorrow—More Justice and Less Charity—Simplicity of Heart—The True Knowledge of Life—The Religion of the Intellect and the Religion of the Heart—The Grounds and Limits of Spiritual Authority—The Change of Death—Retrospect and Anticipation.

THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM:

Its Foundations and Superstructure. By WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS: Inspiration of the Scriptures—Authorship and Authority of the Pentateuch and the Old Testament Canon Generally—The Prophecies—Theism of the Jews Impure and Progressive—Origin of the Gospels—Fidelity of the Gospel History—The Limits of Apostolic Wisdom and Authority—Miracles—Resurrection of Jesus—Is Christianity a Revealed Religion?—Christian Evidences—The Great Enigma.

CATHOLICITY, SPIRITUAL and

INTELLECTUAL. An Attempt at Vindicating the Harmony of Faith and Knowledge. A Series of Discourses. By THOMAS WILSON, M.A. late Minister of St. Peter's Man-of-war, Norwich, Author of "Travels in Egypt and Syria," &c. Relative Rank of our Faith among Stellar Worlds—The Inner Kingdom—Salvation—Scholastic Theology. In 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

LETTERS on the LAWS of MAN'S

NATURE and DEVELOPMENT. By H. G. ATKINSON and HARRIET MARTINEAU. Post 8vo. cloth, 9s.

"A curious and valuable contribution to psychological science; and we regard it with interest, as containing the best and fullest development of the new theories of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the kindred hypotheses. The book is replete with profound reflections thrown out incidentally, is distinguished by a peculiar elegance of style, and in the hands of a calm and philosophical theologian may serve as a useful précis of the most formidable difficulties he has to contend against in the present day."—*Weekly News*.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT and

CENTRALIZATION: The Characteristics of each, and its Practical Tendencies as affecting Social, Moral, and Political Welfare and Progress: including comprehensive Outlines of the English Constitution. With Copious Index. By J. TOULMIN SMITH. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

"This is a valuable, because a thoughtful, treatise upon one of the general subjects of theoretical and practical politics. No one in all probability will give an absolute assent to all its conclusions; but the reader of Mr. Smith's volume will in any case be induced to give more weight to the important principle insisted on."—*Tait's Magazine*.

SOCIAL STATICS; or the CONDI-

TIONS ESSENTIAL to HUMAN HAPPINESS SPECIFIED, and the FIRST of them DEVELOPED. By HERBERT SPENCER. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

"It is the most eloquent, the most interesting, the most clearly expressed, and logically reasoned work, with views the most original, that has appeared in the science of social polity."—*Literary Gazette*.

THE COTTON and COMMERCE of

INDIA, considered in relation to the interests of Great Britain; with Remarks on Railway Communication in the Bombay Presidency. By JOHN CHAPMAN, Founder and late Manager of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

"Promises to be one of the most useful treatises that have been furnished on this important subject. It is distinguished by a close and logical style, coupled with an accuracy of detail which will, in a great measure, render it a text-book."—*Times*, January 22, 1851.

LECTURES on SOCIAL SCIENCE,

and the Organization of Labour. By JAMES HOLE. Demy 8vo. stiff cover, price 2s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS; an

Historical Novel. By JAMES NISBET, Esq. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 12. 11s. 6d.

"A romance of very unusual power."—*Leader*.

THE BISHOP'S WIFE; a Tale of

the Papacy. Translated from the German of Leopold Scherer With an Historical Notice of the Life and Times of Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.) to which it relates. By Mrs. J. R. STODART. Fcp. 8vo., 4s.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.,

THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW, a

Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature. No. XXVI. May, 1851.

"Respect, Aspic, Prospect."—*St. Bernard*.

CONTENTS:

ART. I.—Symeon Stylites.

II.—David Copperfield and Pendennis.

III.—The Creed of Christendom.

IV.—Mesmeric Atheism.

V.—Oakley on the Mass.

London: John Chapman, 142, Strand.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in Three Vols.,

THE HON. Mrs. NORTON'S NEW NOVEL, STUART OF DUNLEATH, A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

Also, in One Vol.,

CALEB FIELD. A Tale.

By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," and "Merkland."

RALPH RUTHERFORD.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

By the Author of "The Petrel."

Three Vols. (Just ready.)

ARTHUR CONWAY;

Or, Scenes in the Tropics.

By CAPTAIN MILMAN.

Three Vols. (Just ready.)

COLBURN and CO., Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

INTERESTING

NEW WORKS

NOW READY.

I.

Memoirs of the

LIFE OF HORACE WALPOLE,

Including numerous Original Letters, from Strawberry Hill.

Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.,

2 Vols. 8vo., 28s. bound.

"The Memoirs of Horace Walpole" nearly completes the chain of mixed personal, political, and literary history, commencing with Evelyn and Pepys, carried forward by Swift's 'Journals and Correspondence,' and ending almost in our own day with the histories of Mr. Macaulay and Lord Mahon. Besides its historical value, which is very considerable, it cannot be estimated too highly as a book of mere amusement. It is almost a necessary addition to the library of every English gentleman."—*Standard*.

II.

Lives of the

PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND,

VOL. III.

By Mrs. EVERETT GREEN.

10s. 6d. bound.

"The present volume of this interesting work, comprising the lives of fourteen princesses, embraces an extensive and important period of English history (from the time of Edward I. to Edward IV.) We possess in this volume, not only a series of valuable biographies of royal ladies, but a most accurate and interesting portrait of the domestic manners of the different courts of Europe, as well as of the English court, during the two centuries over which its narratives extend."—*John Bull*.

III.

Mr. DISRAELI'S CHARLES I.

New Edition, Revised by the Author, and Edited by his son, B. DISRAELI, M.P.

Two Vols. 8vo., 28s.

IV.

PEPYS' DIARY.

Cheap Re-Issue.

Complete sets of this interesting Work may now be had, handsomely bound in Five Vols., price 35s. Also any of the latter volumes separately, to complete sets, at 6s. each in cloth.

V.

Mrs. TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.

SECOND LOVE;

Or, Beauty and Intellect.

Three Vols.

"If the attraction of the title of this novel is great, that of its contents is still greater. The execution of the story proves Mrs. Trollope, as usual, a perfect writer of tales of domestic life."—*Observer*.

"A tale of great interest, sustained with unflagging spirit. It will be extensively read and enjoyed."—*Critic*.

COLBURN and CO., Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

LONDON:—Printed and Published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 103, Stanhope-street, Mornington Crescent, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Dunes, in the City of Westminster, on Thursday, May 1, 1851.

